

A Galaxy of Female Combat

FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY

No. 50



Gripping stories · Great photographs · Cartoons & Drawings
Apartment grapplers in all-out action

66



FIGHTING GALS MONTHLY

'EDITED BY BRUCE RAYNARD'

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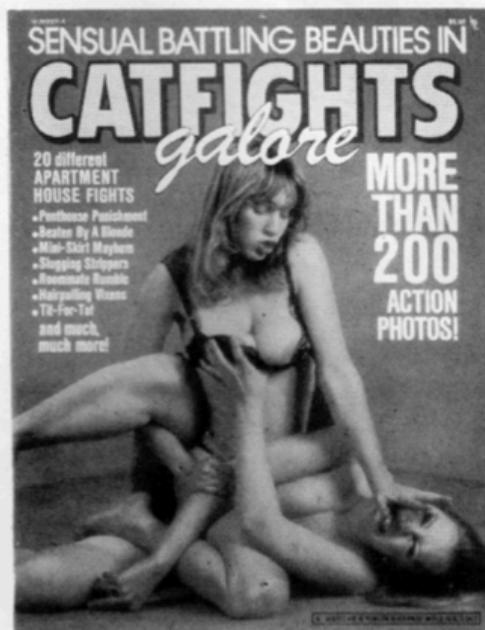
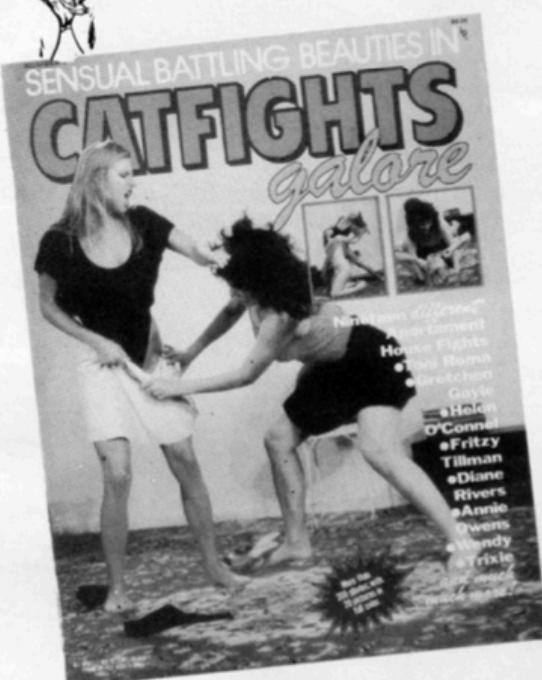
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Editorial

Welcome to FGM No.50. I hope you will find *your* kind of story within its pages. I have noticed that there is a small, but vociferous group of readers who enjoy the humiliation of a defenceless woman being dominated by her peers. Yes, they are catered for - as usual - and another long, very detailed story of this type will appear in the next issue of *Claws*, our quarterly mag for the fight fan, see the coupon below for a regular order, just £24 for a whole year's supply. The story to which I am referring was actually sent in to our magazine *Madame* and will be published there. I know however, that it is not usual for the fight devotee to follow the domination scene in the *Madame* sense. Entitled *Lena's First Job*, this is a tale to behold, a tale to be told and it is told very well in graphic detail.

Action Promotions are well and truly in action again and for those who indeed follow the authentic fight scene, the centre pages will hold an interest and delight in the *Lady Satan* and *Jodie Lee* encounter.

I always look forward to hearing from you, your wishes and fantasies and if there is any aspect of the fight scene you would particularly like featured, do write and let me know.

BRUCE RAYNARD

Claws

PUBLISHED
EVERY THREE MONTHS



WE DARE YOU GO GET TO GRIPS WITH THE AGGRESSIVE HUSSIES YOU ARE GOING TO MEET IN THIS EXCITING MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO BELLIGERENT FEMALES. OUTRAGEOUS FELINE FURY DEPICTED IN APARTMENT WRESTLING, NO-HOLDS BARRED GRAPPLING, AND STARKLY EROTIC FIGHT - TO A NAKED FINISH BATTING.

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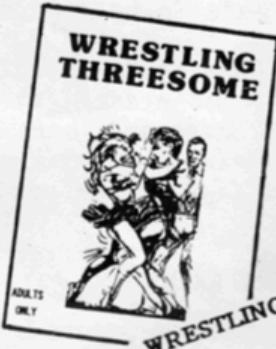
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I couldn't believe what I saw that hot August afternoon as I strode over Summerdale Walk as I always did on my way home from work. At one stage I thought the sun had got to me but as I drew closer to Scarecrow Hill I knew that the heat and fatigue was playing no tricks. Bound fast to the cross which usually held the scarecrow was a partially naked man. He had been stripped to his briefs and sported but his black socks. He was firmly bound, arms and legs to the contraption and was being pelted unmercifully by some 20 or 30 kids, boys and girls with tomatoes and eggs. He was clearly distressed.

I took pity on the man's plight and approached the smiling mini-skirted well-developed blonde who stood back watching with apparent relish, her arms folded.

"Hey" she turned and stared in my direction, expression unchanged, "What's going on here"? I enquired, bewildered completely by this strange, bizarre affair.

I walked to the front side of the thick cross, mouth open. The children stopped throwing and the jeering subsided, making way for dead silence. The man's head was bowed in dejection, his lips were trembling and he was openly sobbing. "What are you doing to him" I said to the smirking blonde who hadn't shifted her stance.

"He is our naked scarecrow" she replied in a soft sensual voice. She raised her right arm "Kathleen, bring the board". The youngster strode forward, under her left arm was a large blackboard, on it white writing scrawled in gloss paint. "Kathleen put the

board around his neck". The girl stomped up the hillock and sneering placed the board around the man's still lowered head by a length of cord attached to the back of the wood so that the board hung on his chest. The words read I AM A PUBLIC NUISANCE AND AM BEING PUNISHED.

not yet complete" she said softly. She drew close to the miserable victim.

"Look at me John!" The sobbing man slowly raised his head. "Have you learned your lesson?"

"Y--yes" he sobbed. Now my blood really boiled. The girl now, slowly and deliberately put her left

Temper Foul

"Thank you Kathleen, now you can go home and take the other children with you".

"Yes Ma'am".

"B..but this is OUTRAGEOUS" I fumed at her. "What has this man done that you subject him to such degradation, stripping him like this and splattering him with rotten eggs and fruit. Look at him - and you use bloody kids to do it?"

"It is no concern of yours" she said fixing her strange blue eyes on my own. She had a strange look like someone stumped though she must have been in her mid 20's. Her expression was one of a kind of retarded innocence, giving off a childlike countenance.

"Who are you" I asked her angrily.

"We are the Summerdale Watch" she replied.

"We?" I frowned.

"Myself, and the Summerdale village women. Our leader is Julie. In Summerdale there is no trouble, we do not tolerate such!" I looked at her like she had lost her marbles.

"This is outrageous. Look, cut him free".

"The punishment is

hand down the man's briefs and began to gently stimulate him.

"Good God!" I cried. I grabbed her arm "you disgusting little bitch"! I spat, and pushed her to the ground. I stooped over her and drew the knife from its sheath and cut the man's bonds.

"It's alright mate, where are your clothes?" The shaken man pointed down the hill to a small pile in front of a hedge.

"Th--they dragged me here, three of the village girls, bound me to this cross!"

"Why"? I frowned. Why man for what reason"?

"W--went into the village pub and got drunk...I tried to chat up th--this J--J--Julie girl, but she could do fancy stuff. Karate Was laid out before I knew anything. They hate men back in that village. Somethin' happened one time maybe."

"Where do I find this Julie".

"She runs a cafe but also the police they're the law. She's so powerful".

"Okay mate I'll go down and see her".

"N--no they'll do to you what they've done to me"?

"But John don't you

see we can't have this sort of thing going on. Do you want women to get away with this sort of thing to scare off even a man, like a scarecrow drives off birds?"

"Look if you go down there you go down there on your own. I'm all through with Summerdale".

"Okay mate, I'll take care of this thing. You grab your clothes and get out of here"! The man fled. As I watched him shakily getting into his pants I took a blow to the small of my back. I dropped to my knees

in pain as the girl drove her fist in. I about turned with an effort, clutching my sides and looking up. She was brushing the bits of grass from her short grey skirt.

"You dare to interfere with our punishment ritual, get up I'm going to give you a lesson in self defence then I'm going to punish you with the cross". Her voice was more animated now. Her face contorted in indignation. I got slowly to my feet. She spun herself around and delivered a kick

to my stomach which put me on my back again. Seizing the initiative she jumped astride me and settled herself on my stomach. As I twisted and turned she moved up and got on my shoulders. I tried to reach the felled knife beside me "Dirty, dirty" she smirked settling herself back into a comfortable position on my chest. "Now I'm going to transform your features" she sneered down at me. I raised my left shoulder off the grass with slight effort but she laughed as she forced it back down to the ground again with strength of her right knee. The same as I raised my right shoulder - she kept her position for a good half minute before I succeeded in throwing her off me. In desperation I scrambled to my feet before her and delivered a right to her chin with all the force I could muster. She lay sprawled out on the grass head lolling from side to side. I rolled her onto her stomach and grabbing some of the severed rope, lashed her hands behind her back...

ALL FOR NOW...
TO FOLLOW IN A LATER ISSUE...

SOCIAL SCIENTIST wishes to interview readers of this publication who follow an adult sexual orientation which is regarded as 'different' to 'mainstream' sexuality. The purpose of the social research is twofold;

- 1) to produce and, subsequently, publish individual accounts of their sexual differences in relation to wider society and
- 2) to allow for a fuller understanding of such sexual differences in society.

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**FULL
COLOUR
AND SOUND**

SALES ASSISTANT



"o.



SHOPLIFTER

A readers' contribution

by N.P. of London.

It was a hot summers morning and Tracey had just opened up the clothes shop where she worked as junior sales assistant. The manager and the other staff had not yet arrived, so 16 year old Tracey, fresh out of school into her first job, was enjoying the feeling of being in charge, even though there were no customers, and no staff. Knowing that within the next ten minutes or so the others would arrive, and that things would get busy before long. Tracey stepped in front of the full length mirror and started to comb her straight blonde hair. She then surveyed herself to make sure she looked presentable. She was wearing the standard clothes that management had decreed should be worn; a white blouse, a black knee length skirt, and flat black shoes. She was 5'4" tall, slim, and reasonably attractive, and as she looked at herself she wished she could wear some of the glamorous clothes that the shop sold. It was then that she noticed that another person had come into the shop, and so she walked over to the girl, who had just picked up a skirt.

"Can I help you?" asked Tracey, at which

the big punk girl suddenly looked up, taken by surprise.

"No, I'm only looking" she retorted, in an aggressive voice. Tracey walked off, but was suspicious, and decided to keep a close watch on the girl.

Dawn, the punk girl, was 18, and had certainly not come to the shop to merely browse, let alone buy anything. She had often gone shoplifting before, and had never been caught yet. Perhaps her appearance had helped, because it would take a brave person to challenge her. She was 5'10", and of big build without being stocky. Today, as always, she was dressed in a punkish style; her black hair was spiked, and she was wearing 4" stilettos, a PVC mini skirt, a revealing black string vest over which she wore a leather jacket, and various bangles, badges and jewellery. Without further thought, she scooped up a couple of skirts, stuffed them into her bag, and made for the door. Although Dawn thought Tracey had gone away, and wouldn't be able to see her take the skirts and slip out, she was wrong. Tracey had seen.

"Hey stop!" she yelled, and chased after Dawn.

Dawn ran down the centre aisle towards the door, but her high heels

were slowing her down, and had allowed Tracey to catch her. Without thinking, Tracey dived headlong, throwing her arms around Dawn's bare, muscular legs, bringing her down in a magnificent rugby tackle. Dawn yelled in pain and surprise as she hit the floor, her shoes coming off, and her bag - complete with stolen skirts flying from her grasp. Dazed and barefoot she staggered towards the door, but Tracey sprang up again, and powered into Dawn, bringing her down for a second time. Displaying surprising strength, Tracey hauled the bigger girl to her feet, and twisted her arm behind her back.

"OK you thieving cow, I've got you" she gasped.

Dawn had been dazed by the two hard tackles, but now the pain was subsiding, to be replaced by anger that she'd been caught by the little sales assistant who now had a firm grip on her wrist, and was holding her pressed against the wall with her arm still twisted up behind her back. Dawn began to panic. She'd come in almost as soon as the shop had opened, as only the one girl had been there. She knew she had to escape before any other staff or customers arrived. She

began to struggle in Tracey's grip, but Tracey had her pressed hard against the wall, so Dawn was squashed between her and the wall, her large breasts getting painfully squashed in the process.

"Let me go you little bitch!" Dawn screamed. "Let me go!" She was now struggling furiously, and finally managed to lash out with her free arm, elbowing Tracey viciously in the stomach. Tracey let go of Dawn's wrist, and staggered backwards, doubling up in pain. Dawn stepped forward and grabbed Tracey by her blouse, ripping it in the process. She slammed Tracey against the wall, and grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head back savagely. As Tracey cried out in pain, Dawn glared at her, and spat in her face.

"If I had the time I'd

tear you apart" she hissed, "but I'm walking out of here, and don't try and stop me".

But Tracey was not easily intimidated, and grabbed a handful of the punk girl's spiky hair, and pulled for all she was worth.

"You're not going anywhere you big bitch" she retorted, and at that point all hell broke loose.



Dawn launched into Tracey, screaming and swearing at her, and Tracey was forced to the floor. The two girls rolled over and over, with first one and then the other on top. Each girl used every possible means of hurting the other; punching, slapping, and pulling each other's hair as each struggled to get the upper hand. In the wild brawl that ensued, what clothes the girls were

still wearing were either pulled off or literally ripped apart, until both girls were fighting completely naked. By this time, however, the fight had become so furious that neither girl seemed to notice or mind the fact that they were fighting in the nude. Each was too busy with the fight to bother about self conscious thoughts such as these. The two girls staggered to their feet, and raked each other's faces with their fingernails. Then they locked hands in a grim and savage test of strength. This was a mistake on Tracey's part, and Dawn's bigger build and more powerful muscles began to tell. Tracey's hands were forced down to her sides, at which point Dawn broke her grip and threw her arms around her opponent in a crushing bearhug. The two naked girls, their bodies glistening

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FULL COLOUR AND SOUND

with sweat, were held together in Dawn's crushing grip, crotch against crotch, breast against breast. Dawn sensed victory as Tracey's struggles became weaker and weaker, but just as it seemed as if Tracey would pass out, she brought her knee up and jerked it into Dawn's crotch. Dawn fell to the ground in agony, and in doing so released her hold on Tracey, who also collapsed, gasping for air. Dawn now realised that despite Tracey's smaller size, she was at least her equal in a cat fight, so although she dearly wanted to beat Tracey, she turned her attention to escape. Dazed and naked she crawled towards the door, but Tracey - despite having nearly passed out - crawled after her, and leapt on her rival's back, stopping Dawn in her tracks. The two girls resumed their fight, but at a much slower pace. Each was exhausted, and their sweaty bodies made it difficult to get a grip on each other. Dawn was desperate now, and half shouted, half pleaded Tracey to let her go. Tracey, not surprisingly, was not just going to let her walk out. Finally the girls rolled into the wall, and Dawn banged her head, stunning her. This gave Tracey her chance, and she hauled the big girl to her feet, having to virtually support her weight. Tracey smiled, clenched her fist, and drew it back. Dawn's eyes opened, and in a dazed sort of way, she realised it was all over for her, as Tracey's fist slammed into her face. The big punk girl dropped like a ninepin, and Tracey quickly dropped down and straddled her, sitting on her heaving chest, and staring

triumphantly down at her beaten rival. At that precise moment the manager arrived, and what a sight he was confronted with. Dawn was lying flat on her back, naked, scratched, bruised, with her punk hairdo and make-up in ruins. She was out cold. Tracey was sitting on the downed girl, hands on hips. She too was naked and covered in sweat, and had obviously taken a lot of punishment.

"I've caught a shoplifter" Tracey gasped "I've made a citizen's arrest". At that moment Dawn regained consciousness, and tried to move. It was hopeless. Although Tracey was light, Dawn had virtually no strength left at all, and could not dislodge her from on top of her. Realising this, Dawn began sobbing with the humiliation of defeat and of being caught. The shop manager moved into a back room.

"I'm going to call the police. Can you hold her, Tracey?"

"Don't worry" she replied "she's not going anywhere".

The minutes passed. The semi conscious Dawn looked a pathetic figure stretched out beneath the victorious Tracey. Her bruised and scratched face was awash with sweat, tears, and the smeared remains of her punk makeup, and her spiked hair was now a dishevelled mess. Feebly she tried to dislodge Tracey by pushing at her legs, and in between sobs she pleaded Tracey to get off her.

"Stop struggling you bitch" said Tracey "or I'll really make you suffer".

Dawn was now bucking and kicking her legs in the air, but Tracey was still

very definitely in charge.

"OK, you've asked for this" she said, grabbing Dawn's wrists and pinning them above her head. She then shifted position, hooking her legs around Dawn's in a grapevine hold, and lying virtually on top of the big girl. Dawn tried to move her legs, but couldn't, and at this point Tracey began to raise herself up, only to bring her whole body slamming down on her already beaten foe. She repeated this again and again, until all resistance was crushed from Dawn. Tracey then resumed her earlier position, straddling Dawn once more, and slapping her face a couple of times for good measure. By now though, Dawn was out cold, and was still lying flat on her back, straddled and pinned by Tracey when the police arrived five minutes later, to take the still unconscious girl away.

Dawn had been beaten, battered and humiliated, and had found out - the hard way that crime doesn't pay.

THE END..

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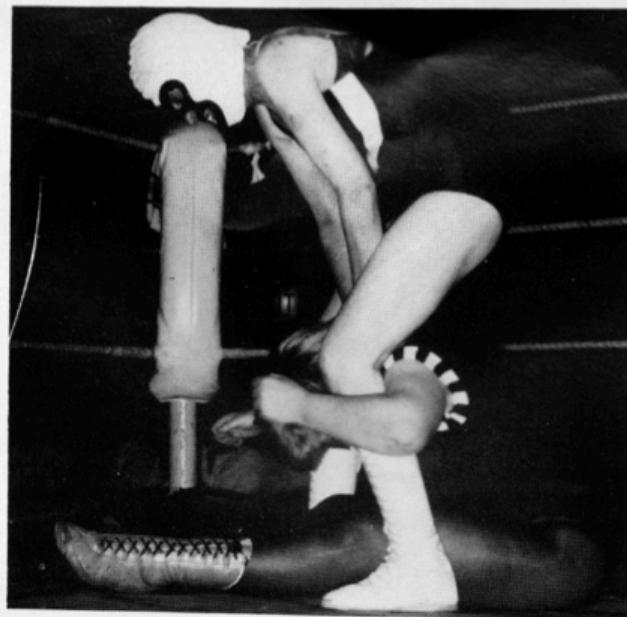
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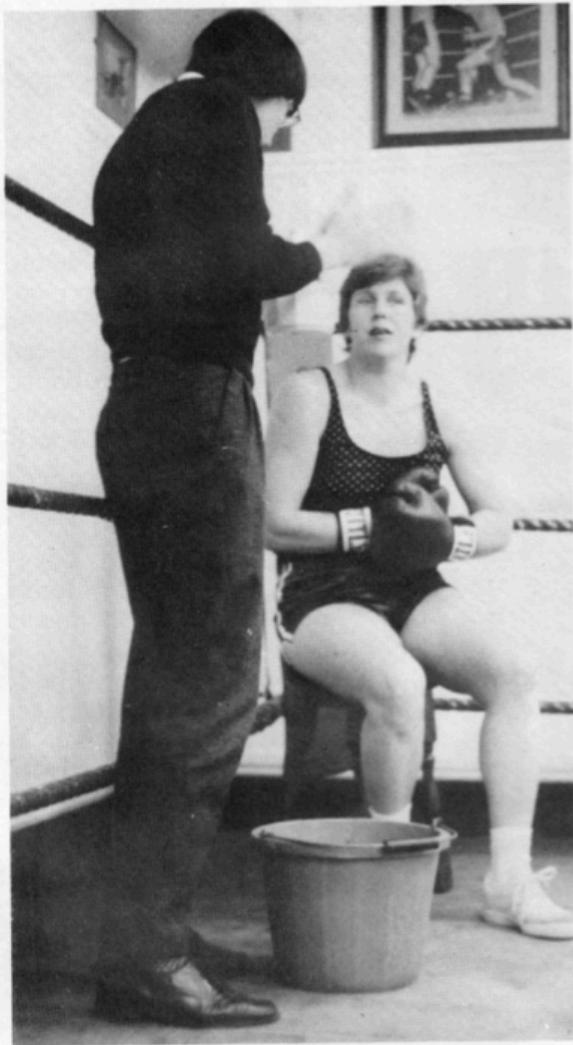
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BOXING



There's a hefty wallop in those gloves alright and Tina prepares to land flush on target.



An order form for this exciting girl-boxing VIDEO is in this magazine. It is YOUR ticket to your ringside seat.



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*Jayne
vs. Tina*

BELLES

For those who enjoy their fighting girls with the gloves on this frantic, ferocious set-to between JANE and TINA will provide hours of exciting pleasure. This VIDEO shot ringside takes you into each 'corner'. YOU can 'sense' YOU are seconding the girls as the fight progresses towards a 'booming-big-fisted' finale.



The smaller, lighter girl, Jane takes a breather between rounds, but can her larger, stronger opponent get her to her knees in the contest?







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★ BOXING BELLES
(Jane vs Tina)

This contest "Boxing Belles" is an outstanding introduction to these boxing ladies as they approach each other and go about this sport. There are no wild or crazy adjectives used to describe this contest as Jane and Tina want to show the viewer their earnestness for the discipline of a sport which challenges those stereo typical role models of those who leap out and say "NO". Seconds out! Round one.

STOP PRESS

As a special extra, this video features an intimate, probing interview with both Jane and Tina.

Running Time 40 mins approx

★ A RINGFULL O'SKILL
(Tina vs Jane)

This is a hard fought, but clean bout where even though both girls are friends outside the ring - once inside the square circle they fight to win, and win one does! For those viewers who have a preference for an athletic encounter then Tina and Jane will not disappoint your anticipation.

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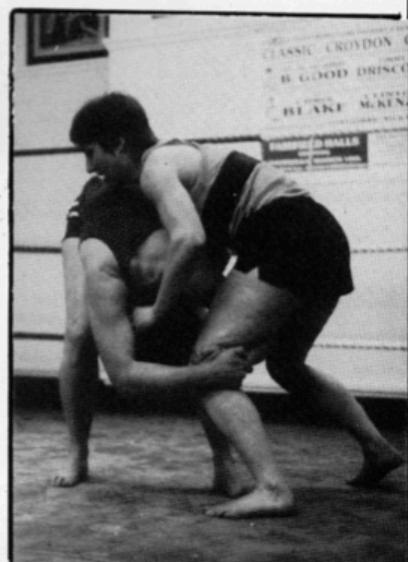
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FULL COLOUR AND SOUND

NOT SO FRIENDLY

Dear Editor,

I just had to let you know what a terrific story Gypsy Slave was, along with a shorter story Good Riddance in the same issue. If your magazine kept on this line I think it will do very well. I am like many others that have written to you saying more degrading punishments and less pro fights and friendly fights, especially mixed.

I would like to read more in the way of women that get into cat fights and again with a humiliating outcome when the fight has been over their children as this has often been the cause of many a fight with women.

Yours, SEFTON L.

CATTINESS

Dear Mr. Raynard,

I am very pleased to see more cat fights in your latest magazine issue. I must say it is about time as us fans of cat fights do get a raw deal as some of your other readers have already pointed out. I do think as there are two magazines on fighting women, Amazons should be for the professional and sporting fight fans and FGM for the cat fighting fans surely this would make it fair for everyone then. I really can't see what objections there could be if this was so.

The story Gypsy Slave was so very good I would like to see a follow up on it.

Good Riddance was something very special, the bullying female in her dark stockings and short skirt is what it's all about, and the things they did to their workmate or enemy is true cattiness in many office girls of today. Can you please provide more like this - it was smashing.

I go along with the reader that asked for a weekly magazine, YES PLEASE.

Yours faithful reader,
P.R.

UNIQUE

Dear Bruce,

I feel you must be sick and tired of certain readers letters who knock or complain of the contents of FGM. One such letter, in your most recent issue, wages war on ring or professional wrestling, and prefers cat fighting stories with a humiliating end.

Well I fail to see any substance in

this complaint, after all we only usually get ONE ring feature per month as opposed to the cartoons, stories, apartment photos which I'm sure are all fantasy anyway. At least the pro girls are REAL and can be seen in action.

So Bruce, I feel your great efforts no matter how varied will always fail to please a certain number of your readers.

They seem to forget just how unique FGM really is. A monthly magazine which covers all kinds of female combat, be it fact or fiction. I'm sure to a great many of your readers, it makes no difference whatsoever, so please keep up the good work.

On the personal side, your sister magazine Claws has some great photos of Lady Satan v Gina Laverne. One especially should be of great interest to all your 'seamed tights' lovers, shows Lady Satan heaving the large and plentiful Ms. Laverne over her shoulder. Please Bruce, give all your readers a treat and try to print this superb shot in FGM (with Kathy Carter's permission of course) even the knockers will love this one.

Best wishes,
G.S.F.

EXHAUSTED

Dear Bruce,

I feel worn out after your recent FGM that had two incredible stories in them, the best was Good Riddance and second, but only just second was Gypsy Slave. I have read them over and over again. I didn't realise your magazine had these sort of stories in them as it is only the second issue I have bought but I will buy it regular now I have read these.

I can't say I like the rest of the magazine as I feel it's too similar to Amazons, too much pro fighting etc. What I really enjoy are all set out in these two stories where girls do these sort of dirty things to another girl. I could if I had the time read this sort of story all day long and not get tired of it, can you bring out a bumper magazine with all these type of stories in them. I do hope so.

Yours sincerely,
V.MORGAN.

CAT FIGHTS PREFERRED

Dear Bruce,

The stories in your magazines over the past months that are my firm favourites are as follows. TYPIST HAVE FUN, WENDY'S FACTORY POSITION, GYPSY SLAVE AND DESTRUCTION AT DAWN (the last conclusion).

Many readers have asked for humiliating endings to fights, usually being the weaker female. I definitely second this and think that FGM should be concentrating on these type of stories all the time.

It has been said many times in your letter pages that Amazons looks after professional fights etc, so please give us fans of cat fights a better deal and leave our professional fights for good as it just isn't fair on us, and why so many photos of these professional fights, you give us very little in the way of cat fight photos or pictures.

I do hope you give us the cat fight magazine that we deserve as it is well overdue, don't you agree Bruce!

Yours sincerely,
Y.R.FREEMAN.

AMAZING AND ISOLATED CASES

Dear Bruce,

It is on record that a girl was known to have employed karate, together with flashes of judo in order to subdue a man with a child's mentality who was persistently swearing at a large crowd of children on a playing field. It would have been a most degrading and humiliating experience for the creature had he been in possession of his senses. She had him in an inert mass within the space of five minutes, putting him on his knees with a solar plexus blow then she delivered a light chop to the side of his neck, which had him helpless and stretched out on the grass murmuring; a schoolboy press and a light throat massage put him into a sound deep sleep to the deafening cheers of the disbelieving children. It didn't give the girls age but stated - "of tender years" ... she received an award.

An unusual case before the residing Judge at the Assizes 1856.

"That the said Robinson and the said girl Beverly-Elaine were engaged in the unlawful act of mixed pugilism on Bracken Heath on the 9th day of March 1856...My

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Lord, the two accused were engaged in bare fisted combat before a vast crowd of men and women who were apparently crying for blood...My Lord the accused man and woman were allegedly fighting over a duration of 25 rounds for a purse of £10".

"And, may I ask who was the victor of this degrading brawl?"

"My Lord for your indulgence the details are written down".

"Thank you".

"According to the evidence presented here before me the girl Beverly-Elaine aged 19 years was soundly thrashing 26 year old Robinson when the brawl was interrupted in the 22nd round." (Isolated gusts of laughter in court).

"Silence in court".

"My Lord if you will please observe the injuries to the accused man's face".

"What...good gracious" (Robinson's face reddens and he is visibly ill at ease). "Will the prisoner please stop fidgeting in the dock".

"He has been soundly boxed about his ears, eyes, nose and mouth. My Lord will also note the swollen right cheek". (Tittering at back of court room).

"SILENCE ladies and gentlemen please".

"My Lord will observe that by contrast, save for a solitary cut to her lower lip, the accused female is unmarked. It is evident from what I can gather - despite her tender sex and obvious disadvantage in physical co-ordination - the girl can HANDLE HERSELF so to speak".

"Hmm, yes indeed I have a tendency to agree"..."(the girl sneers and smirks over at the red faced male who is biting his lip and grinding his teeth).

"Have the accused anything to say." (Silence). "I fine the accused parties the sum of £5.00 each".

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?

In an unlicensed fight in the year 1733 a 63 year old spinster is reputed to have boxed rings around a 38 year old man over 20 rounds. By the time the prizefighter had fathomed out her strategy and figured out how to combat her flashing left jabs. He had been befuddled by skill and outclassed in no uncertain manner.

He had been mesmerised by Old Bess's skill, bewildered by her feinting techniques and systematically cut to ribbons. His left eye was shut and his face was a bloody mess.

In the 21st round, before 'Big Ben' had chance to stage any sort of campaign, a beauty of a left hook dumped him on the seat of his tight white long-Johns, dazed

and floundering the upended embarrassed local star clambered up at the count of FIVE to bound headlong into a two fisted attack.

Old age unfortunately caught up with the lady; a mile behind on points, the snarling male barged her into the ropes in the 23rd round, feinted the old lady out of position and delivered the punch which cancelled his trip to inevitable obscurity and placed him ten seconds away from victory.

Yours to a great publication,
TREVOR - Lancs.

INTEREST LASTED ALL THOSE YEARS

Dear Bruce,

Thank you for publishing my letter in FGM concerning the incident in Dulwich Park. I'm pleased you found it of interest.

I wonder if like me, some of your readers can recall when they first discovered their interest in women wrestling and what if any, experience triggered their stimulus.

Certainly I can remember being only 10 and gaining enormous excitement watching my mother sitting across her sister's chest after a playful wrestle. The rest of the family were amused but I was fascinated.

That was my first early recollection but then when I was 15 I watched my close school pal Geoff wrestle with his sister in their garden. Moira was a year younger than us but very well developed for her age and I was amazed at the struggle she put up particularly against someone like Geoff who could always pin me quite easily. Eventually however, he straddled her chest and reaching behind grabbed her legs slowly forcing them over her head until he had her 'jack-knifed'.

Being a typical youth of course, my greedy eyes brazenly explored every detail of her tightly stretched knickers and well exposed bottom. I knew that Geoff would be in no hurry to get off Moira and in fact he applied even more pressure to her legs by easing forward off her breasts to sit full astride her mouth. Geoff didn't even ask if she wanted to submit but after about five minutes her muffled voice whispered "OK - you've got me - I give in".

Finally released from her humiliating defeat Moira, a sulky look on her flushed face, glared at me "I suppose you had a good look at everything I've got didn't you?"

I looked away but she hadn't finished yet. "Come on" she challenged "I'll wrestle

you next, you are not as big as Geoff".

I remember my feelings at the time were a mixture of excitement at the thought of such intimate contact with a girl and dread that she might emerge as the winner. Perhaps I should explain that I was tall and lanky at the time, whereas Moira was almost stockily built and as I'd already seen had very big thighs.

I knew I had to accept her challenge or Geoff would never let me forget it so I got to my feet and faced her on the lawn.

After circling each other warily for a moment I sprang forward and got her in a headlock but even then I had some trouble in finally getting her down on the grass. She kicked and struggled like mad eventually getting her head free. I pushed her down on her back and dived on top of her but she at the same time opened her legs wide and coiled her thighs round my waist locking me in a body scissors. The pressure was terrible and before I could recover from the shock she had rolled me sideways on to my back still trapped between her legs. With only my hands free I tried to grab hold of her but she lay back resting on her elbows so I couldn't reach her. Desperately I pushed her skirt up round her waist to get at her tights but I was unable to break free from her powerful scissors and lay back squirming

helplessly like a stranded fish. Gradually I felt the strength being drained from me and it became difficult to breathe. Only pride kept me from submitting to her. I was finished and I knew it.

Moira obviously knew it too because she finally released me from between her legs and got to her knees beside me. Still gasping for breath I slowly sat up but she was obviously intent on complete victory because she pushed me down again and this time sat across my chest pinning my arms down with no knees.

I thought my humiliation was complete until Geoff spoke "Go on sis" he whispered "you've got him now so finish him off!"

Duly encouraged, Moira slowly unbuttoned her cotton dress and slipped it off to reveal herself in just her navy blue knickers and white bra. Strangely excited but at the same time desperate to avoid further subjugation I braced my legs wide and jerked my body wildly in an attempt to get her off but she countered by seizing my wrists and forcing my arms flat above my head. Her tightly knickered crotch was now pressing on my chin and my face was trapped right between her heavy thighs.

I lay quite still beneath her in silent surrender. Her inner thighs were soft and smooth against my cheeks and I remember

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that despite the humiliating position I was in I was fascinated by the slight bulge of her mound clearly outlined in the tight material of her knickers.

Realising that there was no more fight left in me and that she could keep me pinned with just her weight she released my wrists and sat upright across me, hands on her hips.

"Do you give in?" she taunted.

I'd been dreading her asking me and just couldn't bring myself to actually admitting defeat. I simply kept silent avoiding her eyes so steadily fixed on mine.

"Alright you've asked for it" she whispered and easing herself slightly higher up on me forced her crotch down on my mouth. Now I had to breathe through my nose.

I brought my hands up to her thighs in a vain effort to escape but she took hold of my wrists and forced them down on the grass again. Then with barely perceptible movements of her bottom she began to ride me so that with each slight forward motion her pubic mound was against my nose. I parted my lips to breathe more easily only to find that this allowed the narrow crotch of her briefs to work into my mouth.

Spreading her thighs slightly, she lowered her face close above mine.

"You had enough?" she demanded "or do you want more".

Just at that moment there was the sound of a car in the driveway and Geoff who had been watching all the time whispered "That's enough sis - get off him".

Moira quickly unstraddled me just before their mother came in the garden.

"What are you doing with your dress off" she scolded. If it's too hot for you in the garden, either go inside or go and put your swimsuit on".

Talk about being saved by the bell - I never did 'give in' to Moira, as I told Geoff many times afterwards.

This was back in 1961 in Liverpool but ever since that afternoon I've been fascinated by women wrestlers.

Many years later I came across some old copies of a magazine called "London Life" some of which had letters from readers on the subject. I think they were published before and during the second world war and included photographs which were obviously not taken professionally. I remember one in particular of a young girl sitting astride a boy exactly portraying my own experience of defeat.

Later I bought some two or three old

magazines dated 1951 entitled "Fads and Fancies" that also included pictures and stories of cat fights.

I wonder if any of your older readers remember these earlier publications. I'm sure many of us would love to hear more about them.

Regards,

A FAITHFULL WRESTLING FAN - Scotland

MAKING WAY FOR A REAL MAN

Dear Bruce,

I was at my girlfriend Maria's house one day and for some reason we got into a discussion about men and women in sports. Maria claimed women could compete in any sport a man could and be just as good or better at it. I learned from painful experience that in my case anyway, I was no match even for a chick. I didn't want to get Maria angry, but I couldn't just sit there and say nothing. So I said "I think men and women who compete in non-physical sports - I think it would be a little too much for a woman to handle".

Well I should have kept my mouth shut. Maria got up from the couch and standing right in front of me said, "So you think you're tougher than me because you're a man? Let's see you prove it!"

I was very scared now and I couldn't hide the fact. I'd been clobbered by enough chicks and I didn't want my girlfriend to be another one. "I'm sorry Maria" I replied, "I didn't mean to say I was stronger than you. I apologise if I offended you".

But it was too late. Maria sensed I was afraid of her and it made her more confident.

"No, it's too late to say you're sorry Paul" she said. "You insulted me and we're going to have to settle it!!! With that Maria came across with one smack right across my face that actually knocked me to the floor. I was on my knees on the floor, holding the side of my face where she hit me and crying. Maria was standing in front of me with her hands on her hips and smiling.

"C'mon you big baby", she said. "Get on your feet and fight back. After all, I'm just a weak little woman and you're a big strong man!"

"I don't want to fight you Maria", I replied in a shaky voice. "Because I know I won't have a chance against you!"

Maria didn't need to hear anymore. She knew exactly what I meant without wasting anymore time. Maria went to work on me. She tore into me like a woman who was possessed! She kicked me in the mouth with her bare foot, splitting my lip open. Then she jumped me and knocked me on my back and placing her hands around my neck, began to choke me. My feeble efforts couldn't free me from her grasp and soon she had my tongue hanging out of my mouth and saliva running out of my mouth.

Maria finally released her grip, but before I could recover, Maria had pulled off my T-shirt and was on her knees digging her razor sharp nails into my belly. Maria was obviously enjoying herself as she clawed, scratched and pinched at my belly as I writhed in pain on the floor, crying and begging Maria for mercy. But Maria would hear nothing of it!

Then she switched from my belly and began to rake my chest with both hands. She raked my chest bloody and she had me helpless. Finally she just sat across my chest and slapped my face over and over again and that's the last thing I remember.

I woke up on the floor, bloodied, beaten and exhausted. I was again humiliated by a chick. Just like I knew it would happen if I tangled with Maria. It took me a while to get the strength to pick myself off the floor, but when I did, Maria said "Okay, now get your ass out of here and don't come around again. It was fun working you over, but I want to find myself a real man!!!"

So I left and the only memories I have of Maria is the humiliating beating that she gave me!

ROBERT.

AMERICAN GO-GO GIRLS CATFIGHT

Dear Sir,

My name is Chris. I'm 23 years old, 130 lbs, 38-24-36 and 5'7". Well here's my story. I'm a go-go dancer and a pretty damn good one at that. One night I was dancing in this club with another girl named Jill. Jill is about 21 years old and I'd say 120 lbs and about 5'5". Let me tell you she's a real little bitch and you have to watch her with your costumes and things. She has been known to steal from the girls who she works with. Well I let her know right off the bat, she had better keep her hands off anything of mine. Jill just gave me

a dirty look and ordered a drink. It was my turn to dance, so up I went. As I was dancing I thought I heard her talking about me, but I wasn't sure. Well I listened hard to hear her above the music and sure enough she was making jokes and talking bad about me in front of the customers. Boy was I burning up, but I tried to keep my cool and finish my set. I finally got through and I noticed she was just coming out of the ladies room.

"Hey Jill" I said grabbing her arm, "look jerk you had better watch your mouth or I'm going to stick my foot in it". Then she pulled away and said "Try it" in a real sarcastic tone. Yelling back at her, I told her "Remember what I said to you". I knew she was no match for me. I can be a real toughie, so to speak, and when I fight there are no holds barred. Jill got up to dance and I changed into another costume and fixed my hair and make-up. By now I started to forget about Jill and think about more important things, like planning my evening with my boyfriend. Thinking of him could always put me in a good mood. When I finished with my make-up I reached into my suitcase to get my necklace. It's my favourite and most expensive piece of jewellery that I own. Well you probably guessed it, Jill had taken it. That rotten pig had ripped me off, she must be crazy, I thought. First she makes fun of me in front of the customers, and now this, even after I warned her. All I wanted to do was kill her, I felt like a wild woman. I started out the bathroom door to get her, but then I had a better idea. I'd wait for her to come in after her set was through, and then I'd get her, in private. She was just finishing up as I peeked out the door, she stopped to talk to a customer for a while. It seemed like she'd never come in as I waited there wanting just to get my hands on her. Well in she walks not suspecting a thing. I was ready for her and I jumped on her like a wild cat. "You rotten slut I'm gonna kill you for ripping me off" I screamed. Jill grabbed for my hair and scratched my face, in defence. She got me around the neck and held on for all she was worth. I tried to break her hold but she was clinging to me. I kicked her hard in the shin and punched at her stomach. Jill's hands loosened and I was able to knock her off balance, by getting her leg out from under her. Down we went, onto the floor. We wrestled around pulling and hitting each other wildly. She got hold of the bottom half of my costume and ripped at it. This made me more enraged and I gave her a

good shot in the mouth. I had on a ring with a high setting and it gave her a nice cut on the lip. Jill grabbed for her mouth and I rolled over her and straddled her chest pinning her arms down to the floor. I had her completely helpless except for her kicking legs. She kept kneeing me in the back and it really started to hurt me, so naturally I inched my way towards her head. Jill's eyes were wild with fear.

"What's the matter bitch, scared I might sit on your face?" It really made me feel good knowing that she'd hate for me to do that to her. I inched my bare G-string clad ass over her head. Laughing down at her, I plopped my backside on her face with a hard flop. Doing so that bitch bit into my ass as hard as she could. Wow, did that hurt. I jumped back off her face and ripped the skimpy top half of her costume off, exposing her tits. I tried to stuff it in her mouth but she kept moving her head away. Everytime I would get it in there she would spit it out. "You bitch" I said getting off her. I pulled her by her hair and one of her arms, and I dragged her over to the toilet bowl. She tried to protest but believe me I had a good grip of her beautiful long hair. "Here you bitch this is what you deserve" and I pushed her head

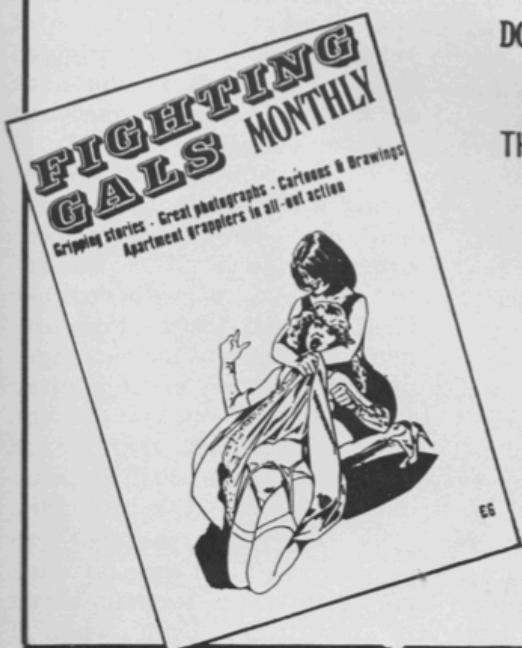
down into the bowl. Jill screamed as her hair got soaked. I wasn't about to let her up. I had her on her knees with my body weight pushing down on her back. Damn, I loved doing that to her, it was so gross, and I was really getting off on my power over this broad. With all my strength I pushed her head in as far as it would go, she was gagging and trying to get loose from my grip, but I kept a firm hold.

Being into the situation I forgot about it being my turn to dance. Then all of a sudden there was a loud knock on the door, and then it flew open! "What the hell is going on in here" the bartender yelled. I looked around at him, it must have been some sight for him seeing me pushing Jill's head in the toilet. He looked a little shocked as he pulled me off Jill and helped her up. Jesus, did she look a wreck standing there crying with her wet hair. Her make-up was all smeared, she had a bloody lip and her bra was ripped off, she really looked like she went through the mill. I started to grab her again but the bartender held me back. "I want my necklace bitch and you better give it to me right now" I screamed. Well she gave it to me and she handed it over right in front of the guy. I don't know if she learned her lesson, but I do know one thing, Jill never messed with me again!!

CHRIS - U.S.A.

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BRAWN V BRAIN ??

by Lady Satan

BOY...WAS I IN FOR ONE HELL OF A FIGHT, big tough Jodie Lee was just aching to get her strong hands around my neck. It was to be one of those catch weight contests, you know, when one opponent outweighs the other by quite a bit, and in this case I was on the wrong end of a 180lb farmer's girl from Lancashire who was just at home breaking bones as well as humping hay. However I've had years of experience behind me plus this determination to win at any costs. I'd wrestled her before a few months ago for a Swish video and managed to give her a good beating, but as we faced each other in the centre of the ring she eyed me up with that kind of look that means 'Watch out'.

Jodie Lee is a big strapping wench with a great

pair of legs, each one of her thighs made up for both my legs, I'll admit to feeling really puny standing next to her.

As the bell sounded Round One Jodie charged, grabbed my arm and whipped me hard into a ring post. I writhed in agony on the desk. Without waiting for the ref to count she dragged me up, pushed me into the ropes and hurled me right across the ring. I fell heavily, my legs dangling through the ropes. This time the ref held her off long enough for me to regain my feet. Jodie pushed the ref aside and again charged at me, but this time I met her with a good solid head butt to her belly which stopped her full in her tracks. I followed this up by heaving her over with a head mare, believe me, this takes some doing throwing such a big

girl around. I then caught her with a neck lock and really put the pressure on. I knew she was in pain by her muffled cries and the way she kicked her legs about. "C'mon you cow" I yelled "Give in", but Jodie had no intentions of submitting, she struggled to her feet still in the neck hold, then threw me off her like a rag doll.

Round Two, I went straight for her legs, I tripped her and put her in a step over leg lock. "Oh no no" she moaned as I forced her foot into all kinds of painful configurations. The audience urged me on as I planted some heavy kicks to the back of her left thigh, each one bringing a shrill scream of pain from the big girl.

This only seemed to get her riled and she flattened me with some terrific blows to my back, even when I

was down she continued to stomp me in the small of my back. The ref finally dragged her off and gave her a public warning. This didn't deter Jodie one bit as she pounded me round the ring with kicks and punches. Heaven knows how I managed to last to the bell.

Round Three and still no score, Jodie whipped me to the mat and wrapped her long legs round my neck. She eased herself into a position where her big thighs were squeezing my face making it tough to breathe. Even through my hood vents, I found myself choking on the smooth nylon of her tights. I could just about hear her shouting insults as my feet hammered away at the canvas in my efforts to escape. As a last resort I bit hard into the soft flesh of her inner thigh which caused her to release the hold. She screamed at me and hoisted me up high before bringing me crashing to the mat with a body slam. The force of the slam left

me winded and she then sat full on my face, facing my feet, her knees pinning my shoulders flat. I was totally helpless with the weight of her big bottom full in my face. The ref slapped the three count and it was the first fall to Jodie Lee.

Round Four, and here I was, trailing one fall down to this big farmer's girl. I again went for her legs. The crowd counted every one of the dozen or so heavy kicks I planted again on the back of her thigh. She struggled to her feet, her face was a mask of pain, so I decided to work on her legs to wear her down. I had mared her to the mat and from behind put her in a sitting position. Reaching down I gripped her left foot and very slowly drew the leg up and back. Jodie screamed and slapped the canvas with her hands. It was my intention to heave her leg back and hook it round her own neck if I could...The crowd went silent as I slowly forced her leg back inch by inch

until I managed to hook her calf behind her neck. Jodie screamed loudly, and the audience cheered their approval as I completed this unusual but very effective lock. "Ask her ref" I snarled "give in you big dumb cow". Jodie screamed even louder and pleaded with me as I put the pressure on her leg. "And the other, Satan"...someone shouted from the front row of seats. Why not, I thought and reached down for her other ankle. Within seconds I had almost forced her other leg behind her neck too, I really had her held. She must have been in agony and her screams and yells echoed round the hall. I didn't want to release her on the bell and this got me a warning too. I left her trussed like a turkey with the ref doing his utmost to untangle her long limbs from round her neck.

Round Five and I wasted no time and tripped her grabbing her injured left leg. I twisted her over on her belly sat on her bottom and hooking the leg under



'Strong Girl' JODIE LEE
strikes a lovely pose.



The incomparable LADY SATAN, confident as ever, or is she???



Jodie has Satan held firm
in a side head-lock.

my arm leaned back for a perfect single leg boston. "Yes yes yes" she screamed in total submission, my leg punishment had paid off.

Round Six and I went in for the kill. Jodie could hardly stand on her injured legs so I decided to show off a little to the crowd. I pushed her into the ropes and heaved her across the ring. I repeated this another three times. With each throw she fell heavily on her legs. I could see the tears in her eyes as she clawed at the ropes to drag herself up, "Stay down you fool" I thought Jodie had had it. Flexing my muscles to the crowd I hoisted this big heavy girl over my shoulder. I strained under her weight and only had the strength to spin her round a couple of times before letting her crash to the mat. I hooked her legs and rolled backward for a folding body press. I held her tightly as the ref tolled the fatal count. I was over the moon as I raised my arm in victory. I scolded myself for doubting my ability even

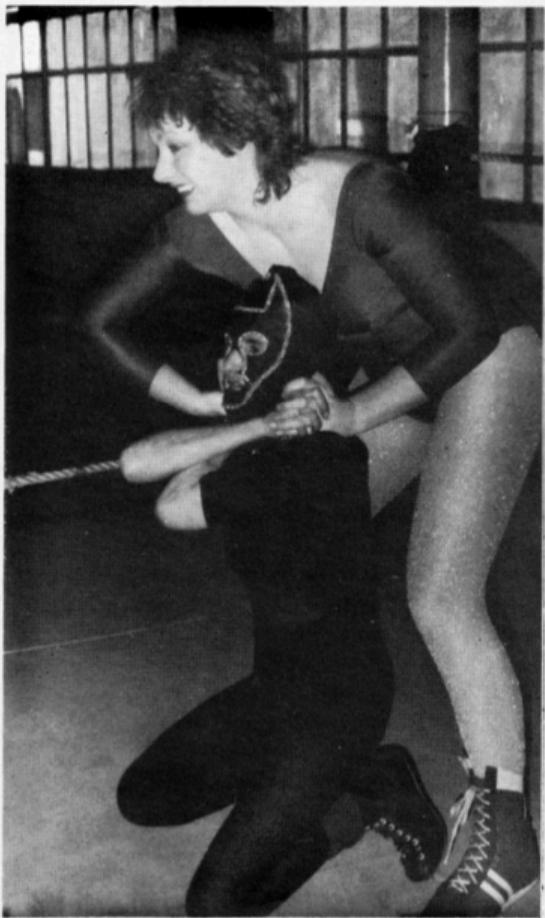
Satan put the pressure on
Jodie's neck, with this cruel
lock.



against such a heavy girl, but once again I had used my vast experience plus my brains and not to mention a little bit of leg pulling. Well, I sure taught her a thing or two didn't I???

SATAN in command with
a double back hammer.





Jodie looks pleased as she gets set to choke her rival.



'The lady takes a tossing'... the wiry Satan uses her uncanny strength to throw her much heavier foe.



The camera catches Satan about to 'chop' Miss Lee between the legs, naughty..but nice...

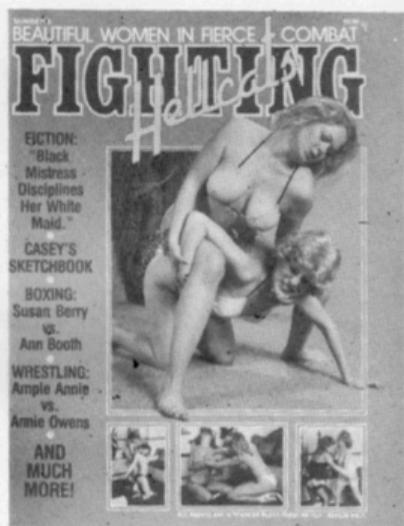


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Dear Mr. Raynard,

Thank you for printing my stories "SMALLER BUT STRONGER" and "LIZ'S GIRL". I appreciate John of Slough's kind comments on them, in a recent issue of FGM, and also his own story "THE FIGHT ON THE PLAYING FIELD".

I see FGM rarely. John's is the only reader reaction to my stories I've read, and I was a degree disturbed by his reference to earlier objections, in your reader's column, to stories about mixed wrestling. In the hope that you agree with him (and me) that there are probably hosts of other FGM readers who DO like the idea of girls fighting men, I'm enclosing another tale now - "A WOMAN'S

LAW".

ROSS will be relieved to know that I DO have his magnificent book "THE PERENNIAL PLEASURES OF PETTICOAT POWER". It is totally fine, I go back to it again and again, and I've initiated two new stories that have been inspired by it. They'll be shorter than "A WOMAN'S LAW" and you'll have them soon. Meantime, my thanks to Ross and yourself for all the beautiful drawings used to illustrate my earlier yarns.

I'll be in your pleasure cave in London in Spring, to catch up on all these FGMs I've been missing. Should be quite a READ!

Regards, SAPPER JUNIOR

A

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PART ONE

WOMAN'S LAW

Fifth Avenue looked a long long way down. Stan always thought so. The guy in the painter's cradle rig opposite didn't seem to be letting it throw him. The way these guys casually went on with their work, so far above the ground, made Stan incredulous. He wouldn't have done something like that. Not for megabucks. He glanced down again, and looked away with a shudder. What about the bankrupts, back in '33, who had jumped from just such windows as this? What sort of doom must they have been faced with, to do THAT? Stan shrugged to himself, and scattered onto the window ledge a few more crumbs from his breakfast bagel for the pigeons. Immediately two came fluttering in. They didn't worry about heights either - no well they wouldn't.

Stan finished eating his bagel, sat down at his desk, and tried to concentrate his attention on the brief he was preparing for an important High Court case the following week. He was junior partner in the law firm of Meredith, Rodgers and Dean. Stan was Dean. He was 33. He was from Huntington, Indiana. He had done well at law school in Chicago, but thereafter his career had slowed. Being accepted by the New York firm, on the recommendation of a friend of his father's, had been the

biggest break he had seen yet, and he was very determined to make the most of it. He recognised, with a painful clarity, that this was probably the turning point in his life. Up to now he'd missed opportunities. Right here, right now, was going to decide whether he would be a winner - or a loser.

The trouble was Stan daydreamed. He wrote poems, and drew pictures. There was a conflict within him that sometimes made him feel he would have done better to be an artist. Part of the reason for this sensitive nature was that he'd never had much success with women, or maybe the reverse was true - his innate sensitivity had been responsible for his failures. The most recent example was the loss of his secretary to Pete Rodgers. Karen had been superb. Glamorous, leggy and super-efficient, filling Stan's office every morning with her expensive perfume until his senses had reeled with it. She had joined the firm two months ago, at the same time he had, and Stan had felt that forged a bond between them. He treated her as a friend, a pal, and hoped she would discern the affection he felt for her, and eventually let him hold her lovely blonde all-American body in his arms.

But Karen Voller was a modern girl, and modern girls don't fall for guys who make no plays. Pete Rodgers had come busting in, with his fast jokey talk, and his eyes flashing predatorily, and his cock thrusting and confident under his tight pants, and from his first wisecrack Stan could sadly see that Karen adored him. The story of his life - very quickly Pete had talked old Meredith, the boss of the firm, into letting HIM have Karen. His own secretary left in a rejected fury, flatly refusing to go to Stan as Pete had suggested. There seemed little doubt Pete had been making it with her, and what really incensed Stan was that he suspected Pete's wife knew all about her husband's dalliances and forgave them. Sexual predators like Rodgers usually got away with it, he'd noticed.

This morning he should have been finishing this brief, and getting himself set for the arrival of his new secretary. A new woman in his life - however temporarily. But he was withdrawing more and more from real women. They frightened him. It hurt him to fall for them all the time and then, time and again, get rejected. He pushed the brief aside and started to sketch. What he drew was a picture of a girl tennis player. She had mighty shoulders and muscular thighs and a fierce, triumphant grin, and Stan had her carry her racquet like a sword. One that she'd just placed deep in an opponent's heart. She was modelled, there could have been no doubt, on Martina Navratilova. Martina had just won Wimbledon again,

for the sixth time, and Stan had watched her on TV doing it. He admired her very much. She was so STRONG.

There was a brisk rap at the door, and he hurriedly slid Martina underneath more legal, and less erotic papers. "Come in" he said. Then it was all he could do not to gasp. In fact the girl at the door SAW the gasp the man was trying to stifle, was accustomed to making men gasp, KNEW her sexual impact on the overwhelmed members of the opposite sex, and smiled. "Hi" she said. She closed the door behind her and came forward with a brown hand outstretched "I'm Ilsa Rebbek". Stan stood, and took her hand. In a moment of firm, confident pressure her fingers closed over his. "I'm Stan Dean" he said. He had expected nothing like this. Old Meredith had just sent to the usual secretarial agency for a girl fully versed in matters of law. Ilsa was very tall - taller than Stan - and very dark. She had her thick black hair drawn back severely from a smooth bronzed face into a tight bun at the nape of her neck. There was a riding of dusky freckles over her bronzed cheeks, and her nose was strong and prominent, almost hooked. Her shoulders were as big as those of the tennis girl Stan had drawn in his picture. "S..sit down" he invited. It did not come out as firmly as he intended. He realised his mouth was dry. Oh no. He MUST show some self assurance THIS time! She was beautiful. Please don't let it happen again!

To Stan's relief things worked out marvellously well. Ilsa, youthful, eager

to please, came in every morning before he did - ahead of their official starting time. Old Meredith quickly noticed this himself, and commented to Stan approvingly. Ilsa was 18. She had the body of an athlete lean, gorgeously proportioned, small breasts and hard jutting haunches. She wore fashionable and expensive clothing brief skirts in dark cottons, crisp stylish blouses, sometimes a slim necktie, elegantly sheer stockings and heels. She did not, as Karen did, put on an overpoweringly feminine scent. She seemed to see no need to emphasise her femaleness. Her body was already doing that for her - very effectively! The signals her body made appeared neither to please or annoy her. She took her sexuality for granted - as though it were her birthright. It was. Her Hebraic genes had ensured she was a healthy, dramatically lovely young woman. When Pete Rodgers, after an initial stunned stare, came panting after her proud hard bottom like a hound on heat, Ilsa made him look like a child. First proving her intellectual superiority, by neatly topping every one of his smart remarks with a crushing rebuttal. Then by easily emasculating his brave male advances with parries of such sexual scorn Stan almost felt sorry for him. Almost. And finally, when the by now frantic man, his inadequacies and insecurity exposed ruthlessly by the girl, went a step too far, Ilsa sent him running back to Karen to be comforted like a frightened baby. Stan could only speculate on what had happened that day. Three days after Ilsa's

arrival, but coming back late from a business lunch he emerged from the elevator to see her murmuring in Pete's ear. She looked very calm, and the man looked very tense. Stan would have sworn Ilsa had her hand cruelly squeezing Pete's arse. Whatever had taken place between the two of them, in the privacy of the office, Pete did not as much as approach Ilsa again. So much for the predatory male!

Another thing Stan's new secretary did was to bring in his breakfast bagels. Ilsa was Jewish, and she was a New Yorker. She knew all the city's best delicatessens. Moreover, she was highly delighted that Stan had adopted so traditionally a Jewish and New York breakfast. The bagels she brought in were far superior to the ones he'd been buying, and for

good measure she introduced him to such delights as knishes, blintzes and lox. She stood over Stan watching him enjoy a cream blintz, sipping her hot black coffee and smiling. Her nearness, the bold proximity of one tightly skirted female haunch, all but made the man forget how good the food was. Ilsa looked down at him, ruffled his hair affectionately; "Eat and enjoy. We'll soon make a good Jewish boy out of you!" They both laughed. Then the young woman moved away briskly "Now - where are those new transcriptions?" she said. "We need to get started!"

She was very good. Not merely as a secretary. Several of Stan's important, but more onerous tasks she took over. With an easy expertise. Some of these were deep legal things, that required exhausting

amounts of time and thought, or would have done for Stan. He began to think of Ilsa not so much as a secretary, an assistant, but as a partner. An advisor. The girl responded warmly to this. Her legal background was amazing. She told Stan this was her first job. She had studied law and had then gone on to a college specialising in finer points of law. "I came out of there as best student in my class" she stated with obvious pride. "Well - EQUAL best, with this guy". She paused "But it was decided that it was ME that was best!" Stan told her she should have thought of setting up a law practice of her own. At this the girl laughed cynically. "I didn't even bother to TRY! Do you know how hard it is to get anywhere as a lady lawyer? A JEWISH lady lawyer? Things were easier in PORTIA'S day!"

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She grinned wryly "And she was PROSECUTING a Jew! No" she shrugged. "Believe me, Stan, the deck's stacked against us! American Jewish princesses are for marrying, and giving birth! Bad luck, girlie?" Her eyes angry she stalked from the room.

Papers Ilsa had drawn up would reach the desk of old Meredith, to meet with the old man's amazed delight. Meredith believed all Ilsa was doing was typing them, however, and he summoned Stan to praise him on his excellent work. Stan knew that, solely due to Ilsa, his work output and its quality were now of a higher standard than that attained by Pete Rodgers. Already old Meredith had given him a couple of Rodgers cases. It would not be in his interest to admit to the boss that much of his work was being done by his young secretary. He had the good grace about this to feel guilty. Inevitably his deceipts caught up with him. Ilsa accused him directly. She was a very direct young woman. One morning, two weeks after she had started, she came in, threw Stan's bagel bag down in front of him, and stood looking at him over his desk, her hands on her hips; "I thought you were my friend!" "Why...what??" Stan floundered. "Those preparatory briefs I prepared on Pearson versus Daniels. What did the old man say about my work?" Stan knew when he was trapped; "I didn't tell him that you did them" he admitted. Ilsa nodded curtly. "That's what I thought. See what I mean about a stacked deck? I found out something yesterday in the ladies room.

Karen Voller says you've been claiming credit with Meredith for everything that's come out of this office!" Her stare was withering; "And you told me we were a TEAM! Jesus! MEN!"

"Ilsa I'm sorry I...." Ilsa cut him off. "Stanley - understand this. I don't mind you taking SOME of the credit for MY sweat, but how about cutting me in. I'm in the survival game too, baby!" She held his eyes. "I spent last evening trying to decide if I should let you off!" Stan felt a quiver. "Let me OFF?"



"Yeah", clipped Ilsa "or PUNISH you. Tan your pants for you!" Stan grinned. "You COULDN'T!"

"No, huh? Couldn't? Remember I told you about equal first at law school, how I told you it was decided WHO was first, me or the fellow?" Stan nodded. Ilsa drew in her breath, her hard young breasts rising angrily under her blouse. "Yeah well, the WAY we decided that was we FOUGHT in a boxing ring. I decided it!" Stan was silent. His thoughts were a whirl.



Ilsa took her hands off her hips and rested them on the front of his desk. She leant her face close to his. "PLEASE don't think I'm threatening you, darling, but I guess you might give ME some of the credit from now on huh?"

"Yes...sure" Stan muttered. He was not scared of her, he told himself, but it had never been his intention to antagonise her. He liked her too much.

Ilsa straightened; "Good pal! I'm glad that's settled!" She turned to go. Then "Oh and HERE'S something else I found out!" Coming back to the desk she put a sheet of paper down in front of Stan. It was the sketch he had done the day of Ilsa's arrival. The drawing of the girl tennis player. The expression on Ilsa's face had altered subtly now from anger to amusement. Amused interest. "I didn't realise you liked lady tennis players Stan! I play tennis. I'll give you a game!"

They played tennis on a hot afternoon when, so far as old Meredith was aware, they should have been at other courts. Stan was excited in spite of himself. He played a fair game of tennis. He was half hoping he would beat Ilsa, impress her with his masculinity, but at the sight of her his masculinity shrank. Ilsa looked like a bronzed young goddess. She wore a rudely brief skirt that was on only for decorative feminine reasons, not in any way for concealment. Today, for their match, she had tied her luxuriant black mane into two tight bunches, with white hair ribbons. It looked real perky. Her sure breasts, under a sleeveless singlet of white cotton, looked hard and ready, and her supple bare arms, a bronzed colour with a fine dark down over them, flexed with strong female muscle. Disturbingly Stan saw that Ilsa had hair on her legs. Not the light glinting down on her arms, but a richer furriness, virile and dark, lying on her long 18 year old limbs in a sleek layer from just below the leg line of her tiny tennis briefs to thin out and disappear into the smooth

brownness of her firm calves. She had on tennis shoes, but no socks. She grinned at Stan as he emerged from the mens changing rooms. A flashing, easy smile, showing her strong teeth and wrinkling the freckles over her powerful nose. She looked very confident; "Ready Stanley?" Stan nodded; "Sure!" but his male courage had shrivelled and something else had risen.

Ilsa asked Stan if he wanted a bet on the result of their match. There were four young people playing mixed doubles on the court next to the one Stan and Ilsa had hired. When Ilsa strode onto court the men, to the obvious irritation of their ladies, had stopped playing to stare at her. Stan said he'd back himself for \$50, and one of the guys

on the next court shook his head and said "I'll back HER!" looking admiringly at Ilsa. Ilsa smiled. The girl who was partnering the man said tonelessly; "Concentrate on THIS game Harold!" Ilsa said to Stan "Yeah OK, fifty and if you lose, you give me FULL credit with Meredith for EVERYTHING I DO. Alright?" Stan said yes, he agreed to that. They began to play. It quickly became a contest of the tactics and subtlety of the man against the speed and power of the girl. From the start Stan realised he would never be able to match Ilsa's service game. Like Martina, his idol, she served to KILL. Blasting past him aces he could not believe, grunting, as she served, with animal female determination, and

when she beat him giving throat to a pulsing cry of female satisfaction. Stan was holding the score level only with lobs and little drop shots, and at times just with desperation. Bloodying his knees more than once on the gravel of the court trying to get to Ilsa's passing shots and placements. He held on for two sets to one-all, and then his frail resistance started to collapse. With her very first serve in the 3rd the aggressive girl rifled the ball hard into his chest, Stan unable to get his racquet up in time to stop it, such was its speed. Ilsa laughed then did exactly the same thing, in the same place, with her second serve, again laughing her triumph as her male opponent raised his racquet too late to shield

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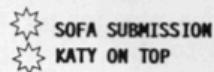
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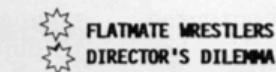
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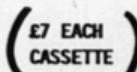
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his chest. The ball thudded in over Stan's heart. On the next court all activity had halted. The four players there had stopped, dry mouthed, to watch the killing that was taking place. Ilsa hit her third successive serve into Stan's body, taking the score to 40-love. Stan rubbed his bruised chest as his opponent pulled the next ball from under her briefs. "What's the matter, Stanley? Can't you STOP THEM?" she taunted. "Here's a special one!" She touched the ball to the tight bulging front of her briefs; "From me PERSONALLY to YOU!!" Up went her powerful arm, black hair flashing under it. Ilsa gave her grunt, and served. Stan did his best, but this time he had lifted up his protecting racquet too high. The ball slammed, just as Ilsa had directed it, eye wateringly hard into Stan's cock. He dropped his racquet to the court, and clutched himself, moaning: "Jesus!" said one of the watching women. One of the men said, "If I were you pal I'd give in! Give her the game!". Ilsa was eyeing her sobbing opponent. "That's 2-1 to ME. C'mon Stanley! Your serve!"

The young woman had now smashed all the young man's fighting spirit from him. At least so far as tennis was concerned. Stan gave no more resistance and Ilsa, taking pity on him, hit no more balls into his body, but instead contented herself toying with her demoralised opponent, and showing off for the four on the next court. This audience was now so fascinated they had completely abandoned their own match, and went on

watching this male eclipse by the female with absorbed attention. Ilsa's thick underarm hair, exposed brazen and glistening every time she lifted her arm to serve, mesmerised their gaze.

The interest they showed in the fact that Ilsa did not bother to shave her legs and underarms was more than shared by Stan himself. At one time it might have been expected that a girl who let her hair grow so thickly on her body, sweaty and odorous in her armpits, and in a lusty mat over her legs, would have been the subject of criticism or ridicule. But this did not happen. Instead the two young men and the two young women watching Stan and Ilsa play, after whispering of it to begin with, started to unashamedly admire the amount of hair Ilsa showed. The women, if anything, more than the men. Perhaps this was mostly because Ilsa was WINNING. The human race is conditioned to revere a winner, respect and approve virtually anything a winner does. In the end, so dizzied were they by the sight of her virile body hair, her strong sexual movements and the hard tightness of her white briefs over her cocky jutting ass, the two men had quite forgotten the existence of their lady partners, and wanted Ilsa more than any woman they had ever known. Nor did their female companions any longer appear to object to this. Recognising it for the rightful male homage that this strong and beautiful representative of their sex had quite naturally won. Indeed, so dominant, and basically MASCULINE, was the extent of Ilsa's

conquest of the now increasingly FEMININE looking Stan, so aggressive was Ilsa, and so breath takingly beautiful, that both the two young women knew their knickers were wet just from watching her, and both of them were secretly trying to decide if Ilsa might be lesbian. One girl's hand was IN her knickers. They had forgotten their men, just as their men had forgotten them!

Ilsa won 6-1. She sauntered to the net and they shook hands. Stan once again finding his hand firmly enclosed in her brown one. "Another?" Ilsa asked him. Satisfaction mingled with sympathy in her voice; "Or have you had enough for today?" She had not released his hand. "No-no thanks!" Stan answered: "You're too good for me!" The girl stared triumphantly into his eyes at this admission, gave his hand a tight final squeeze, and let it go. "I KNOW I am!" she said. Something in Stan rebelled at her arrogance; "But you CHEATED!" This sounded so much like a small child, crying in a playground, that he regretted it as soon as he'd said it. Ilsa raised one heavy dark eyebrow. Her eyebrows were thicker, hairier, than the young man's. "Oh DID I. When?"

"In the third game" Stan pointed out. His tone was almost apologetic; "Hitting your opponent on serve doesn't give you the points!" Ilsa shrugged this away. "It DID it HAS!" she said. "You didn't object at the time. I guess you were too busy feeling the HURT!" She pointed with her racquet at the four from the next court, who had come around to stand

at the gate to the court on which she and Stan had been playing. "THEY didn't say I cheated!" Once again it was a case of a winner, a dominant, being approved in anything she chose to do. Even if it was against the rules! Sometimes the meeker members of the human race are so submissive they acquiesce gladly when stronger people go contrary to rules. One law for the weak - NO Laws for the strong!

Still facing Stan across the net Ilsa remarked; "I'd have beaten you anyway. Even if I hadn't SERVED INTO you!" She gave the word "served" another of its connotations; "True?"

"Yes" confessed Stan. Grinning smugly Ilsa lifted one long tanned arm to untie her black hair, her racquet dangled from her other hand. The profusion of sweat glistening hair beneath her arm was so tangled and thick Stan could only stare. "Furthermore, I really believe you LIKE being beaten by a WOMAN. Also true?" Stan blushed deeply, but gave her back look for look. "Don't talk CRAP!" He was sharply aware that the four other players were listening to the conversation with interest. Ilsa turned in their direction, to start to walk off court. But in turning she lifted her racquet lightly to let it just touch the front of Stan's shorts through the net; "C'MON you can tell me. I saw your drawing, don't forget". As they left the court the others came up. "Boy can YOU play!" one man said to Ilsa. "Congratulations" he extended his hand. Behind him the two girls were staring at Ilsa wide eyed with respect

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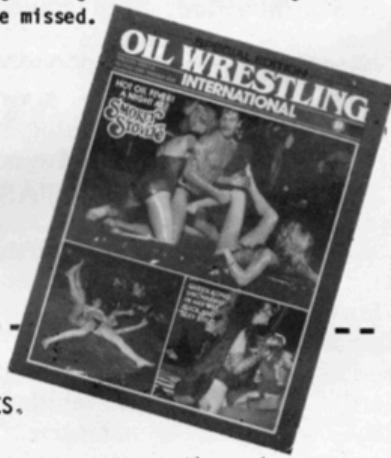
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and interest. Ilsa ignored the man's hand. She looked straight into his face; "Spank you VERY MUCH!" she said, in a contemptuous lisping voice. The man's face coloured at the cutting rebuff. Ilsa turned back to Stan. "You owe me fifty bucks - boss! and from today MY name goes onto anything I do!"

That was what happened. Another thing that happened was that Ilsa, only too well aware of how much the sight of her virile body hair excited and aroused Stan, took to wearing tops every day that were sleeveless and sheer. Fine chiffon blouses that had ruffled collars, fashionably high, and thin rawhide neckties held in clasps of Mexican silver, but left the arms and shoulders bare. Meaning that every time Ilsa lifted her arms, when she came into Stan's office, Stan could

not tear his eyes away from what she was showing. The young woman, though, did not flaunt her hair. On the contrary, she deliberately rationed these glimpses that Stan was allowed. That made it worse for Stan. As soon as Ilsa had left his office, turning at the door with a cool smile



and a twist of her tight, athletic haunches, Stan's had was ready to fall to his cock and WOULD have done, if he'd not been too scared of his secretary coming back in - and sometimes did anyway.

Ilsa did not let Stan see her legs bare again, but returned to her customary tan nylon stockings, with their severe straight seams down the back of her long legs, and Stan dreamed

at night of those muscular legs he knew the girl had under her stockings, and all the hair Ilsa had on them. Ilsa did not again seem ready to let him see that hair. Stan knew he must talk her into going swimming, or something. He did not propose another tennis match, because he knew Ilsa would beat him, and deep inside him there were feelings, sensations, that made him a little frightened of what might happen to him if the girl beat him again. Stan wasn't a very confident male. For him just having this lovely, athletic young woman around, just having Ilsa in his life, was almost enough. He was too insecure, because of his failures with women in the past, to try and take things further. Just so long as Ilsa kept bringing him his breakfast bagel, and sometimes stroking his hair, and letting him look at HER Hair, the hair

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she possessed beneath her arms ... Stan was ready to be content with those realities, and build upon them, at night, in the fantasies of his bed. Ilsa was the one who chose to take things further.

Two days after her victory over him at tennis she came in wearing the shortest skirt Stan had ever seen. At front and back, even standing, the tall 18 year old gave the man a generous glimpse of her knickers. When she sat that view became stupendous. Ilsa possessed as hard and swelling a pubic mound as any girl her age, and the knickers she wore, brief white cotton ones, stretched tautly to contain that girlish mound. Times had changed. The bulge young women carried under their knickers these days rivalled, very often, the bulges many men could show. It was illuminating for many teenage girls, the first time they got themselves in that gorgeous position where they and a young man could strip together to their underclothes, to see that their sexual prominence matched his. Sometimes surpassed it. A whole lot of boys had small cocks. Ilsa, in her short time with Meredith, Rodgers and Dean, had already learnt a lot about Stan and she had guessed more. She wouldn't have minded betting that Stan's cock was pretty small! But, unlike many young women, this did not cause her to lose interest in him. She just went on, casually, with her visual enslavement of the poor young man. Letting Stan stare at the hair below her arms - she particularly loved the worshipful look in his eyes - and for variety allowing

him, also as though unintentionally, looks at her pants, letting her skirt draw well back to permit him this, knowing her knickers were so brief and tight Stan would be able to see her lovely, curly, springy black loin hair, escaping from under them. Stan saw it alright. Ilsa's genital hair burst out at him. He wanted to bury his face in it.

At last he dared to ask her "You don't shave your legs, Ilsa do you?" Ilsa smiled. She was seated, well back from his desk, holding her dictation pad. She did not have her legs crossed, in the customary decorous secretary manner, but was sitting with them straddled and wide, her skirt well back. Her thighs were long, but muscular, giving an impression of irresistible feminine strength. Twin suspenders stretched down tautly over them to fasten to her tan stocking tops. Hair showed above her stocking tops, and it was as visible as ever bristling from underneath her knickers. She had taken to smoking a thin, dark brown brand of cigar. Its smoke had a rich, pungent smell. Stan didn't like it. It made him cough and at first he had requested the young woman not to smoke at all. When Ilsa had ignored this appeal, he asked her not to do it when she was in his office. She had still ignored him. To his question the girl contented herself with a one word answer. "No". She blew out smoke from her cigar, her eyes regarding Stan with speculative amusement. Obligingly he coughed. He made a manful attempt to shake himself out of the role in which he knew the girl was

placing him. Old Meredith had not as yet recognised any of Ilsa's contributions, but it was only a matter of time. Stan remembered starkly what she had said about survival. She was trying to take over! "Was that your own idea, not shaving your legs?" Ilsa studied him, picked a piece of tobacco leaf from her tongue, to do so she extruded her tongue fully. It looked very big, to Stan's eyes. A very long thick female tongue. "It's an idea I picked up over in Israel. When I was 15 I went and worked for a while on a Kibbutz. A whole bunch of the Israeli girls don't shave their legs or .." she stretched delicately, letting Stan see it. "The hair from under their arms!" Then she added. "You like it, don't you?" and Stan could not help but reply. "Sort of...yes".

"I picked up THIS habit over there too", Ilsa stated, holding out her thin dark cigar and scrutinising it. "What at 15".

"Yeah. Better than drugs".

"I'm sure it is. Do they HAVE drugs in Israel?" Ilsa emitted a deep laugh. "Are you KIDDING? Those babies are FIT. A little marijuana, maybe. No, what the Israeli women love best is sex". She considered that for a moment - then "Sex and FIGHTING!"

"You mean, in the armed forces?" Stan interpreted "As combat troops". Ilsa grinned, showing her teeth fiercely. "I mean that, and I also mean in private. In the ring. Wrestling. For fun!" She drew in on her cigar, and spoke at Stan through the smoke as she exhaled. "Or to decide who owns a MAN!" They sat

looking at each other. Stan was silent. Ilsa got up. "That's where I learned to FIGHT. Did YOU ever learn, darling?"

"Of course!" Stan said at once. But there was transparent uncertainty in his voice. "I guess what I should more correctly have said was that when I was on the Kibbutz I IMPROVED at fighting. I've been strong since I was a kid. I was ALWAYS good at fighting" and she strutted out of the office conceitedly, her haunches, under her short, tight skirt, declaring how damned good she was.

Too good. Whether at fighting Stan didn't know, but certainly at tennis, and certainly at law. Very soon, he felt sure, old Meredith was going to find out who it was in his firm who was doing the best work. It wasn't Stan, it wasn't Pete Rodgers either. The day after the girl had talked to him about her time in Israel, Stan worked very late in his office, sweating desperately over the background and details for the big case Meredith had just given him to handle, determined this time to do the entire thing without any assistance at all from Ilsa. The pressure the girl was insidiously applying on him was becoming too much. He could not allow her to continue subtly underlining his inferiority. It had become essential for him to prove himself. These drafts would NOT have Ilsa's initials on them, but as the clock ticked on he knew it was beyond him. He knew why, once he might have made a fair shot at it, but he kept thinking of Ilsa, of her black armpits. She had totally undermined

him. Then he heard her come in.

"It's very late, Stan".

"I know!"

"What are you doing, some more of your drawings?" There did not need to be mockery in her voice, the question was mocking enough. "No, I'm not doing damned drawings. I'm working on the Callendar and Ceberano stuff".

"I see". She came around the desk, looked over his shoulder, and reached down. "Do you mind"? He let her take the papers. "Sub JUDICE! THAT won't do Stan. You know that". A moment more silence while she studied the sheets. Then she had them flat on his desk, making brisk strokes with her pen, correcting his work like an efficient schoolmarm. "There, but I think there are some more flaws. I'll have another look at it in the morning. OK sweet?" When she had gone out Stan felt empty. He tried to begin working again, but couldn't. He put both hands over his face and hunched his shoulders. Slowly he lowered his face to the cool surface of his desk. He didn't WANT this! Yet he DID! It seemed almost as though Ilsa was MASTERING him - all the time, at everything he did, taking over from him in establishing him as her inferior. He knew he should resent this, feel some defiant independence, but resentment was not what he felt. The rich, heavy odour of cigar smoke intruded on his thoughts. Ilsa had come in without him hearing her. She had come round to Stan's side of the desk, and was standing over him, looking down at him. Stan felt

her thigh press into his shoulder. Ilsa said "It's after six. You're tired. Don't you think we better call it a day?" Stan didn't reply. Ilsa's thigh pushed harder. "Or shall I massage you?" she asked.

She did not wait for Stan to agree, but dropped her hands to his tensed shoulders, kneading gently in. At the strong pressure of her hands Stan gasped, but it was comforting. The young woman knew what she was doing. Stan loved the firmness, on his shoulders and a young woman, was something he'd wanted for so long, so desperately NEEDED. He almost cried with the pleasure of it, in the pleasure of the glowy trembling spreading from Ilsa's masterful hands all through his tired body. In the joy of having his body under the girl's hands, all his misery and uncertainty began to fade. Ilsa dug in her fingers suddenly, deep and hard into his shoulder muscles, and he emitted an involuntary small groan of intense delight. "There that's good - right!" Stan could do no more than nod. "Sure it is. You sit still like a good little boy, and I'll REALLY do you!" She accompanied the word 'really' with another squeeze from her strong hands. In ecstatic response Stan's head rolled back on his shoulders, and Ilsa laughed and stroked back his hair from his brow. "Something else I learned to do in Israel!" she confided. "It...it feels so GOOD. I...I LOVE IT!" Her dark eyes smouldered. "Let me show you ANOTHER THING the Israeli's showed me!" Abruptly her long brown fingers slipped around the front of Stan's trembling throat and

tightened. Ilsa leant down to speak casually in Stan's ear, her cigar clenched lightly between her firm white teeth. "I could KILL YOU, baby"! Easily she flexed her fingers against the man's helpless throat. "Don't be DUMB!" Stan managed to protest, but her smoke was making him dizzy. "I wouldn't LET YOU"!

"WOULDN'T you?" said the girl's light, taunting voice in his ear. "Wouldn't you? Would you resist me, Stanley? That would be fun. I'd CRUSH your resistance.

But she took her hands from his throat. Stan not sure if their withdrawal made him feel relief - or regret. Ilsa's fingers pressed into his temples, kneaded his scalp. He surrendered himself to them. The young

woman had now moved herself squarely behind his chair so that she could stand over him, with her long powerful legs astride, and her arms thrusting down, as she worked on him. They both were silent for a space, but for little gasps and sighs from the young man, and grunts of exertion from the young woman. Ilsa was showing Stan how good she was - again. Under her hands she could feel Stan's body going relaxed and submissive. Submission in men fascinated her, even though he was 15 years her senior she spoke to him as though he were the junior, the child. "Poor little boy! Is there anything YOU can do well?" As she had guessed, there was nothing Stan could say. "No. Well?" Stan heard her husky laugh. The deepness of her voice

thrilled him. "Your hands .. are really STRONG!" he complimented her. Once more Ilsa gave her throaty thick laugh. "Thank you, I've always been strong. I LOVE strength, it gives you power over people". She waited to see what Stan would say to that. "Yes - I know it does!" Ilsa thrilled at the meek note in this voice. My God this was going to be even easier than she'd thought. Were there no REAL men left. "Do you think my hands are stronger than YOUR'S?" she asked. "I don't know" answered the man, his voice was very unsure. Ilsa felt her knickers going wet at the way he was giving ground to her. "We - you know, we COULD find out", she suggested quietly. "Later shall we after I've finished

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massaging you?" Stan nodded his head. "Yes OK."

"Great, we'll compare strength until one of us has COMPLETE POWER over the other." Her fingers were thrusting into Stan's body, and the young man squirmed. "OK! STEADY" he protested. Ilsa eased off. "There are only three things a person needs in this life to get from the world exactly what she wants. Those things are intelligence, beauty and STRENGTH!" She left a pause after that, just went on crushing Stan's shoulder muscles with her fingers, waiting to see what he would say. Stan did not disappoint her. "I guess you have all three" he said. His tone was full of unreserved admiration. Ilsa preened. She had guessed it from the moment she saw Stan, had seen the picture he'd drawn of Martina, and when he'd meekly taken that beating from her at tennis it had become obvious, SO obvious. Here was just the sort of little man she was looking for - and in a position SHE wanted! "I guess" she said.

"Listen, I can't do you properly in here, with you sitting up like this. Do you want to come out in my office, on the couch? That way will be better". Stan complied. They went out into Ilsa's office, the secretary leading her boss by the hand. "Come with me" she ordered. Standing facing each other at the couch, Stan was reminded again of Ilsa's superior height, the awesome width of her shoulders. "Let's get that necktie off" she said. Swiftly her efficient fingers undid Stan's tie, threw it aside. She smiled down into Stan's eyes. "Now I can really finish you off

as I like to do, can't I? Lie down!" Stan wondered for a brief moment what might happen if he defied this command. But he did not. He lay down on the couch. "On my belly".

"No on your back. I want you looking up at me!" Stan knew the customary way to be massaged was lying on one's stomach, but he did not demur. For her position Ilsa chose the head of the couch. Straddling her big legs, pushing back her ultra brief skirt with both hands, in a business like manner, she squatted behind Stan's head and brought her hands fully to bear on his shoulders. Almost as soon as she went to work she began to pant and so did Stan. The position Ilsa had taken above him meant that he was looking straight up into the tight crotch of her white knickers. Stan was thrilled beyond belief

"cocky bitch" She might be squatting over his head, her brown long fingers weakeningly unbuttoning his shirt, but she was not going to have things ALL her own way. "I doubt it, you might be a bit taller than me, but a woman couldn't beat a man".

"THAT has been disproved", Ilsa said "very often and how about if the guy a girl picks on to fight isn't really a proper GUY at all? What then? I think a strong healthy girl would find a guy like THAT very easy to beat" Stan failed to reply. "Another good thing about us being in this position is that it lets us get at places we LIKE to GET AT". Her hands slid beneath Stan's now wide open shirt completely, each of them sliding in to entirely cover his bare nipples. At the total contact Stan gasped, but although he raised both his own hands away from where they rested, and he could only stare up at the black tangles of hair curling and peeping from under the girl's knickers. It was very exciting. Then Ilsa chose to underline what she'd just said about guys who weren't really PROPER guys. "Is that good baby" she murmured. "Do you like having your breasts held"? There was open mockery in her voice and Stan quivered, but his hands did not try to pull Ilsa's hands away from where they were.

"I've been strong ever since I was a little girl" Ilsa stated. Her hands had stopped moving, they just continued to rest flat on top of Stan's bare chest, beneath his unbuttoned shirt, and Stan's hands continued to hold Ilsa's wrists. The massage to all intents



to see that the vee of the girl's knickers was very wet. Ilsa's wetness could be matched he knew by the wetness he felt in his own underpants, and he wanted them very badly to be brought together. Thinking of this forced from him a totally unguarded admission. "Oh GOD, Ilsa" he said. The girl only half guessed what had prompted this sudden open avowal. "Do you like my panties, Stanley?" she laughed. "Do you admire them. I will bet, knowing I'm better than you at TENNIS, and better than you at LAW, that I'm also better than you at FIGHTING. What do YOU think". To hell with her, Stan thought,

and purposes, had stopped. "To start with it kind of used to embarrass me.. you know, being stronger than the men in my life."

"Always" Stan asked. Ilsa shrugged "Yeah always. It always used to come to a point in the relationship where the guy would need to find out, would INSIST on showing me how strong he was, and I'm well, I'm INTENSELY competitive. Maybe I should sometimes have let a guy win, but I could NEVER do that. So..." she shrugged again "See MOST men don't like to have a girl stronger than them..." She let the statement trail off as though half hoping for a response to it from Stan, but he was silent under her hands. "Well", resumed Ilsa "not if they're REAL men they don't!"

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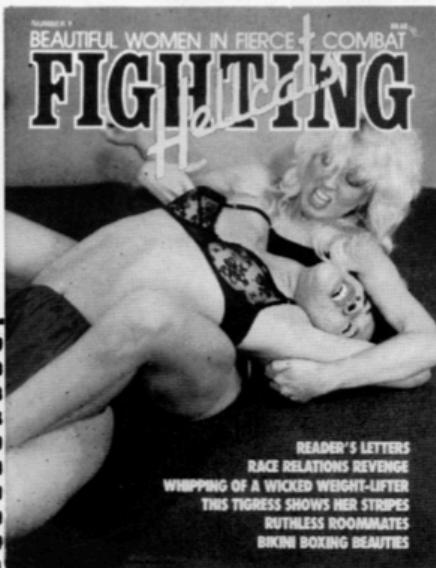
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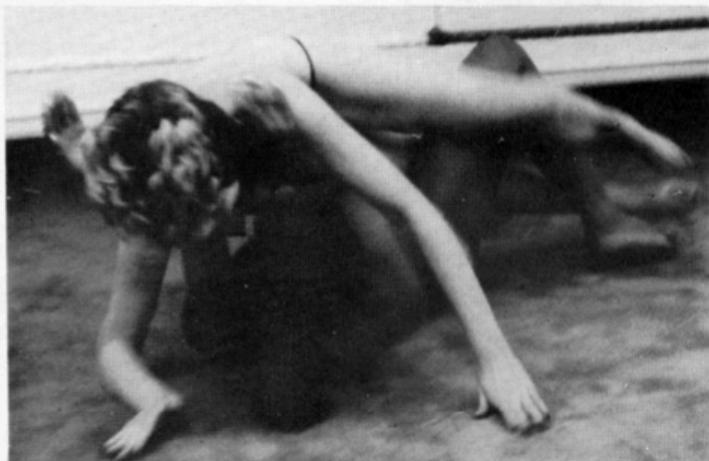
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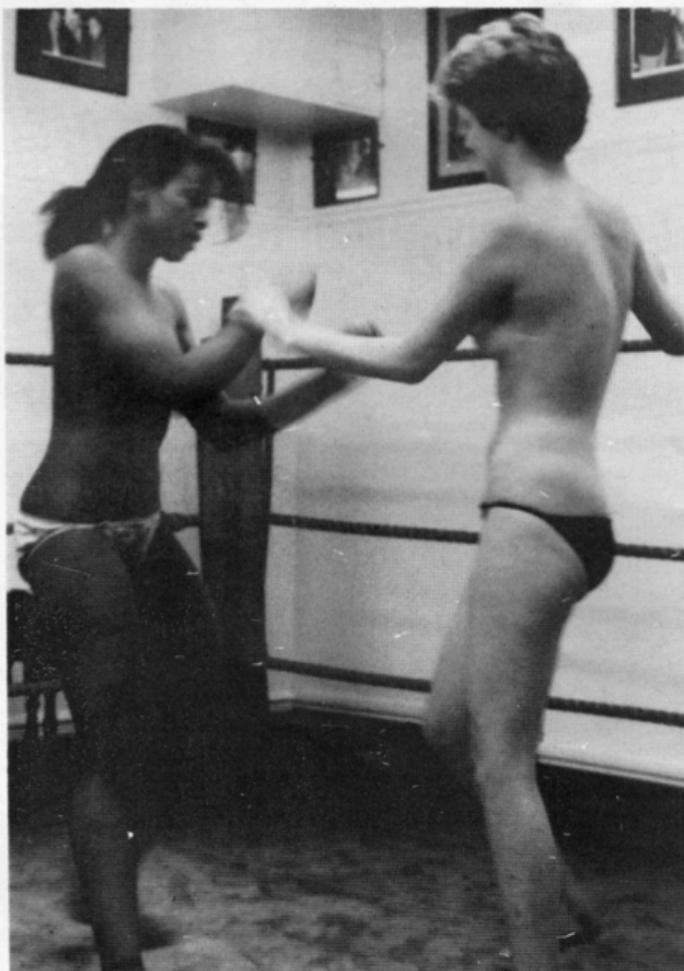
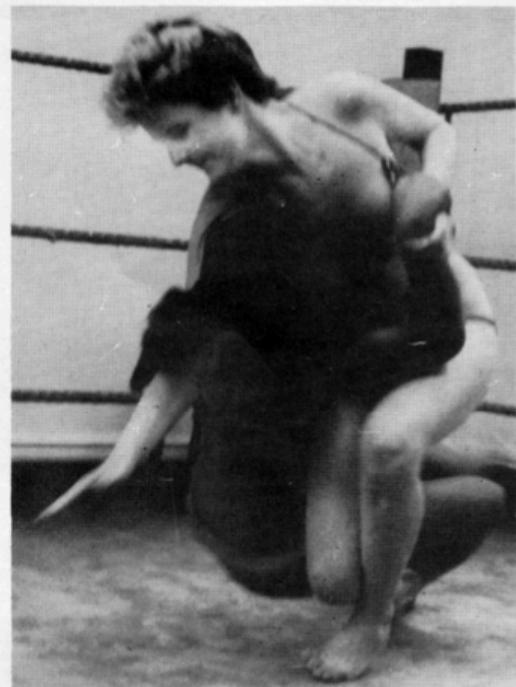
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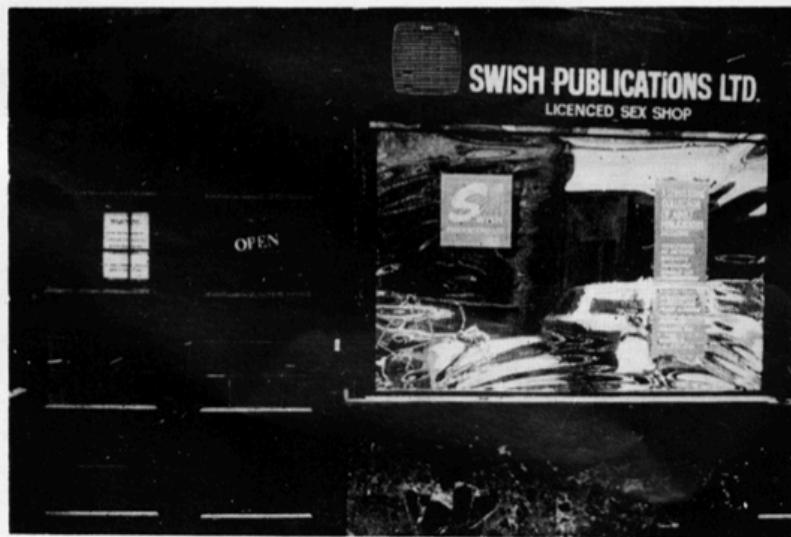
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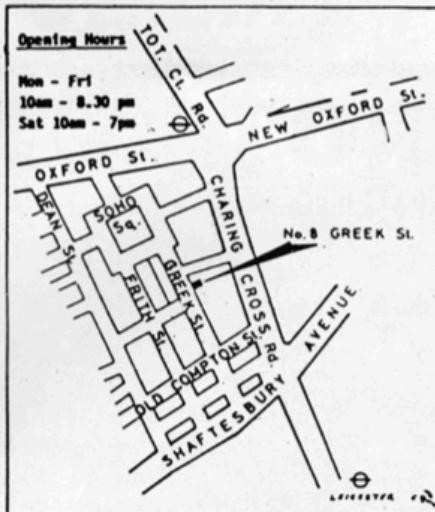
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THE MEETING

PART TWO

Extract from "A Coming Together" published by Brand X, P.O.Box 619X, Burbank, California.

Man against woman. Black against white. Read this lively interchange between youthful combatants and enjoy the vivid descriptions of the ensuing tussles.



"I'm running out of gas" thought Moore as he struggled to hold his own with White.

"He's weakening; I can feel it", thought Melba. She was correct, because she had felt Perry's muscles tremble as they made known their protest of this unusual and prolonged punishment. Moore's strength started draining fast and it wasn't long before White had the upper hand literally. She made her move and got to her feet. Then the negress leant into Moore and forced his hands backwards across the top of his shoulders. Continuing to press her advantage, she forced his spine to curve backward. This manoeuvre forced his stomach to bulge out and Melba used his navel as the target for her knee.

"Oooff", was knocked out of Moore as he felt the kneecap sink into his viscera. Melba released his hands and Perry dropped to the grass, doubled over, holding his guts in.

Andy turned towards Erika and said, "Hey, she's getting too rough by kneeing him that way".

Erika replied, "It could have been worse. She could have just as easily nailed him in the nuts. I saw his muscles give out. He's wasted. All Melba did was shorten the agony".

Norman added, "Melba sure has the killer instinct. That knee to the stomach knocked whatever was left out of him".

Andre cut in, "I don't think my sister is finished with him yet. She's beaten Perry; now I think she means to destroy the poor bastard". The brother knew his sister well, or at least understood her neurotic proclivities. Melba had planned to use the portion of her body that was all men's life, that Perry sought in Betty would now be used against him and could lead to his death, if Melba chose.

Some of the pain subsided and Perry rolled onto his back, opened his eyes and looked up. Standing directly over his head was White. Her succubus smile was unlike anything he had

ever seen, except for the leers on some of the women in Goya's paintings. But then Francisco was mad..... "Oh my God", thought Moore, as he realised that White might not be mad/angry, but mad/mad and if so, then he was in deep trouble/trouble. "I'm in double trouble", was his one thought as Melba dropped straight down on top of his face. She wrapped her legs around his head, fell onto her side and whipsawed his body across the yard. When he stopped rolling she pounced on top of his head again, but this time she was facing him lengthwise to clearly view the struggle his body was going to be subjected to.

"Lights out, Moore" said White as she wrenched each of his weakened arms between her lower inner thigh and upper inner calf. With each arm secured between upper and lower legs, Perry was helpless. His legs were free but they thrashed uselessly about and had no chance to wrap themselves around Melba's head. She made sure of this by sitting straight up and keeping her head out of their range.

"Let me go, dammit!" was Perry's last utterance before the Y of Melba's body settled over his face.

She hooked her feet under the back of his head and the sides of her inner thighs prevented any side to side head motion. He was trapped in a quicksand of flesh. The more he struggled, the deeper he sank - figuratively, that is.

"This will finish him off", snorted White as she rotated her hips. There are some negro women who

have what are called 'steatophygic rumps'. That is, they have an extra layer of fat on the buttocks. Melba's steatopygia wasn't excessive, and it gave her a voluptuous rear. Moore's problem was he was facing one of the few unmuscular parts of White's anatomy, and it had a lot of give. This soft flesh spread out and covered his forehead and eyes. Her soft fleshy thighs covered his ears and the sides of his head. Her pliant pudendum smothered his nose and mouth. The pubic bone and mons veneris pressed down upon his jaw and held it firmly. What many men fantasise about was happening to Perry, however, he would gladly have traded places with any of them at this moment. But this moment was his. The problem was the next moment, and the next....

"That's the only way

to go" sighed Norman.

Novak was incredulous, "Norm, you must be crazy. He can't get any air. She's smothering him. We'd better save him".

"Go to it, Andy" replied the unmoving Norman.

Novak looked from one brother to the other. "Andre, you'll help me, won't

you?"

"I think not. Not yet anyway. He's still alive and kicking - although feebly now. Melba may be weird but she's no murderess".

Perry wasn't at all convinced of that, even if he could have heard their conversation. All he knew was his face was being devoured by a mountain of flesh. Skin pressed in and filled every opening, hollow and crevice of his face. Devoid of sight, sound and air, Moore used the only weapon left to him. Somehow he worked his jaw free for a moment and bit into Melba.

"Yipes" she squealed. "That son of a bitch bit me". Before she had time to dismount he chomped her a second time. White pushed off with her arms and fell sideways to the grass. She rolled her legs free of Moore and stood up.

"You bitch" shouted Perry. "You tried to kill me". He was on his feet and halfway standing when



Melba nailed him.

"Oh, oh, he's fit to kill" thought Melba. "Better stop him right now". She saw that he was getting off the ground fast, and his fists were ready to attack her the moment he regained his footing. She didn't waste any time to waste him with a punch to the waist. White

stepped in and she drilled a right fist deep into his belt line. She would never think about hitting below the belt, but on the belt did the job almost as effectively.

"Eghh" gasped Perry as he doubled over. Somehow



he tried to straighten up but never made it. Instead, he was straightened out. This feat was neatly performed, because when Moore was attempting to rise he was off balance, and with his head down,

couldn't see to avoid the left fist that came swooping down and smashed into the right side of his jaw.

"Aaagh" was all he said as he was knocked backwards and flat on his back - out cold.

"Damn, that smarts", hissed White as she held



her stinging hand. However, the pain quickly subsided when she realised the finality of her victory. Betty also dwelt upon the finality of the match, and on future relationships.

"Well that's the end of him, and us", said Betty in disgust as she got up. "Thank you Erika, and Norman, for a most interesting but disappointing day".

"Aren't you going to wait for Perry?" asked Novak.

"Are you kidding? He's nothing but a cream puff. I don't want to face him when he comes to". With that curt statement, she stomped off towards her car.

Andy looked at Erika and said, "Can you believe

that? He loses a match he tried to avoid, and his date wants nothing to do with him. You wouldn't walk out on me if that happened to me would you?" The answer was silence as Erika stared at him. He repeated, "Would you?"

"I don't know Andrew. You haven't been put to the test yet".

Novak was visibly shaken by this ominous answer. He lost his nerve and decided

to leave. "The hell with this, the hell with all of you". He spun away from the Wagners and headed towards his car.

"Andy wait" called Erika. "You don't understand".

"Like hell I don't" he shot back over his shoulder.

"He's fond of that word, hell isn't he" cooed Melba.

"Melba go to hell..." Erika caught herself up short when she saw that White had Moore's trunks in her hand. "How did you



get Perry's....oh Jesus". Wagner looked at Moore and saw that White had pulled his swimsuit off. "What are you doing with his pants?"

"Think I'll nail them to a wooden plaque. Treat it sort of like a trophy. Yeah, that's it; a trophy. The first of many. See ya. Had a great time". Melba headed for her car. As an afterthought she turned around and said, "Besides, I said I could beat the pants off him". She departed with a farewell wink.

"With that attitude, your sister could be a lonely girl, Andre" said Norm. Both men were now standing next to Erika.

"That would be the least of her problems", replied

White. "Got to go; she's driving. Thanks for everything, Erika, Norm". Andre' took off after his sister.

"Throw him a towel, Norman. I'll go to the house and get Perry's clothes".

Perry awoke just in time to watch Melba walk away with his dignity in her hand. The magnitude of his loss started to sink into his soul with the same ache that was spreading across his jaw.

But then again, it could have just as easily gone the other way.

"Dame fortune is a fickle gypsy, and always blind, and often tipsy".

• End •

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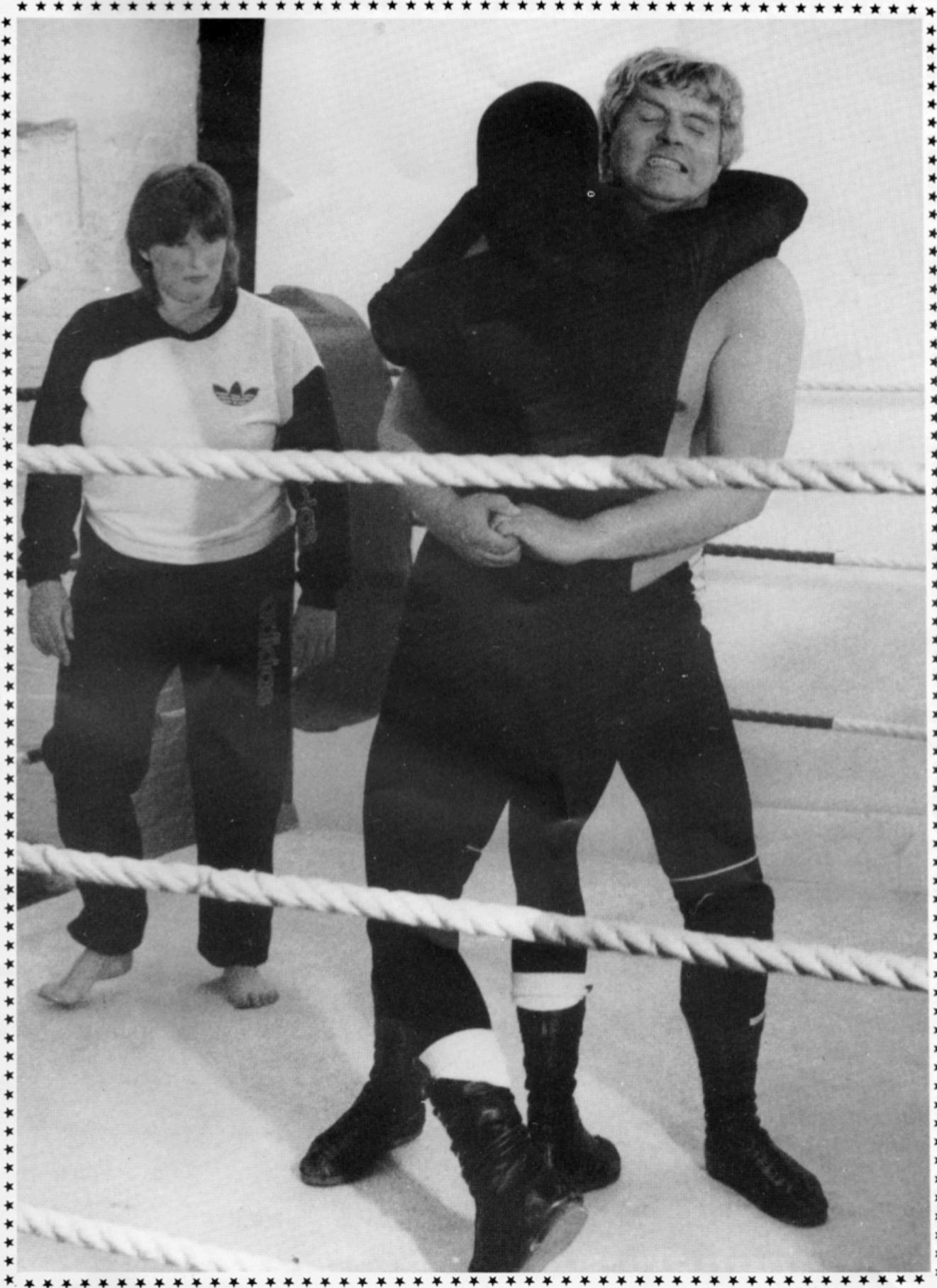
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